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OUR PLATFORM: Christian Herald is a family magazine for all denominations, dedicated to this platform: To advance the cause of Evangelical Christianity; to serve the needy at home and abroad; to achieve temperance through education; to champion religious, social and economic tolerance; to make Church unity a reality; to labor for a just and lasting peace; to work with all who seek a Christlike world.

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DANIEL A. POLING, Editor

FRANK S. MEAD, Managing Editor • Associate Editor, CLARENCE W. HALL

MICHELE de SANTIS, Art Editor

HARRY G. SANDSTROM • Editorial Associates • ELLA J. KLEIN

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Among Those Present

Bernard C. Clausen, as he indicates in his verbal stimulant *Clear Heads Choose What?* (page 26), thinks that enough is plenty. Though ordinarily a man of good will and overflowing good humor, he makes no bones of the fact that he's been irked no end by that blatant Calvert's sign which is the first thing folks see when looking for his church. So when we heard of his spleen on the subject, we invited him to vent that spleen in our columns. The result, as you will see, is one of the best anti-liquor pieces we'd had in many a day.



Pastor of Cleveland's Euclid Avenue Baptist Church since 1944, Dr. Clausen is one of America's outstanding preachers. He is also author of some of the liveliest religious books in print!

Albert Joseph McCartney, writer of our sermon this month (*God Does Not Give Up*, page 34), is a unique preacher in a unique ministry. He is director of the famed Chicago Sunday Evening Club, which, meeting in the Windy City's music-encrusted Orchestra Hall, each Sunday night draws from 2500 to 4000 persons to hear world-renowned speakers and preachers.

Dr. McCartney went to Chicago from a long and fruitful ministry at Covenant First Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C. He wears well the mantle of the late Clifford Barnes, founder of the club who was profiled in these pages a few years back as the "Shepherd of Chicago Loop."

Hugh B. Cave, who writes our short story (*Night Wind*, page 17), is a young man whose byline you'll be seeing often in these columns, if we have our way. We already have two others of his yarns salted away in the editorial pantry. You can sharpen your appetite on the one as a starter.



No newcomer to the magazine-fiction field, Cave has had material in many of America's better family magazines. Between writing for *Saturday Evening Post*, *American*, *Collier's*, *This Week*, *Woman's Home Companion* and so on, he turns out books, perhaps the best known of which is "Long Were the Nights," the story of the PT boats at Guadalcanal.

After serving throughout the war as a correspondent, Hugh Cave has settled down on the shore of a little Rhode Island lake with his wife and two young sons—"the only place I've found where a fellow can punish a typewriter into the small hours without incurring punitive action on the part of neighbors!"

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OUR READERS

Ask . . .

ANSWERS BY DR. POLING

• *I am told there is no religious freedom in Italy. My son died in Italy for freedom. Do you have the answer to this?*

Recently Dr. Charles Fama and Dr. Frank B. Gigliotti, members of the National Committee for Relief to Italy and of the American National Committee for Religious Freedom in Italy, had a conference with Foreign Minister Count Carlo Sforza in Rome. They expressed the belief that inclusion of the Lateran Concordat in Italy's new constitution "jeopardized freedoms, including religious and press." These men affirm that the Concordat, signed by Mussolini in the Vatican in 1929, "made of Italy a confessional Roman Catholic state similar to that of Spain today." They also affirm that to include the treaty in the constitution means that all religious education in public elementary and high schools is obligatory and dictated by the Catholic Church. Finally, they declared that under the Concordat, "Jews, Protestants and other millions who do not follow the Catholic Church must bear a part of these costs through taxation." These quoted statements appeared first in the New York Times.

Note: The Concordat has now been written into the constitution.

• *The enclosed picture shows Los Angeles officers "frisking" a group of boys stopped at a road block during an all-out war on Los Angeles' crime wave. Was not the sometimes maligned C. C. C. camp a more intelligent approach to the problem?*

Definitely yes. Created to meet the emergency of a nation-wide depression, the C. C. C. camp became a constructive and dynamic program that remains as a definite contribution toward the solution of the problem of juvenile delinquency. This problem is chiefly a community and home problem. The C. C. C. camp was a community approach to the total problem.

• *Soon we must decide whether or not to have our son's body returned from the military cemetery where it now lies. I have a feeling that he shouldn't be disturbed, and yet, if he were buried in our family plot, we could visit his grave.*

I fully understand your feelings. Our boy's body lies beneath the North At-

lantic. We shall have a small stone in the family burial plot in New Hampshire, and we are glad that he rests where his life was given, but of course others feel differently. Generously, the government now makes possible the fulfillment of each heart's desire.

• *Does the Sunday school actually prepare boys and girls for life? Did it help you when you were a boy? Were the impressions lasting?*

Certainly the Sunday school has an invaluable place in preparing boys and girls for life. The effectiveness of this preparation is measured by the program of the school and particularly by the character and training of the school's teachers and officers. As a child, the Sunday school meant much to me. I was fortunate in the quality of the men and women who taught my mind and inspired my heart. I shall never adequately repay the debt I owe to the Sunday school. The impressions left were lasting; they are alive in me today.

• *Is there any justice in Americans making servants out of German people? I enclose a clipping that seems to border on the same thing that caused a terrible civil war in the United States.*

When I was in Germany a few months ago, I found that more Germans were trying to secure the positions described in this clipping than could ever be employed—and it is employment, not slavery. No, there is no prospect of a civil war over this situation. Of course, some news stories have distorted the facts.

• *In this community two men gave their lives for their country. A third, while in training, took his own life. The father of the latter has offered an organ to the church in memory of his son, and the parents of the other boys have helped buy the organ which also honors their sons. Should the pastor of this Lutheran church accept the organ under these conditions?*

He certainly should. Only God knows what the lad who took his own life may have passed through—how entirely irresponsible he may have been. I have

a friend who fought through the war as a pilot. He came home with many citations and high honors. Three days after his return he killed himself. He died in his father's arms with these words on his lips: "Forgive me, Dad, but I couldn't take it!"

• It is said that Sweden's universal service and training, which has continued since 1812, kept Hitler from invading her. Does anyone think for a minute that Hitler could not have conquered Sweden? This is just another argument of militarists—or is it?

It is more than an argument of militarists. Certainly Hitler could have conquered Sweden, but at least once during the war—in 1944—Sweden's preparedness and quick mobilization defeated Hitler's purpose. He could not withdraw enough divisions from the Russian and Western fronts to justify the invasion. It is said that Hitler became little short of mad as a result of this defeat. At any rate, the Swedish plan has not made the country a militaristic or totalitarian state. She has a democratic, even socialistic, government with a royal house! For 135 years she has been without a war. Also, she has almost no unemployment and very few strikes.

• Of which is there the greatest shortage, money or men for missions?

Both are needed right now. Certainly money is one answer to the need. All of us may give. Few of us are able to go, but how many of us cannot contribute to help send others?

• I enclose a clipping from our county paper. I say it as a beer ad, but I am contradicted. What do you think?

I say it is a beer ad! The enclosed clipping is captioned, "Of Interest to Kansans. The Brewing Industry Strives to Keep Beer Retailing Above Reproach." The context then proceeds to explain that the beer retailer wants to correct any conditions that bring reproach upon his business, strives to eliminate undesirable places and asks that violations of the law or social decency be reported to the Kansas Committee of the United States Brewers Foundation.

• I have been told that one must ask pardon for every separate sin, itemized. Now, how can one remember so accurately?

One cannot remember so accurately, and if God were so unreasonable it would be too bad for us! I have never found a verse in the Scriptures nor a word of Jesus that suggested this requirement for the forgiveness of sin, but if we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us.

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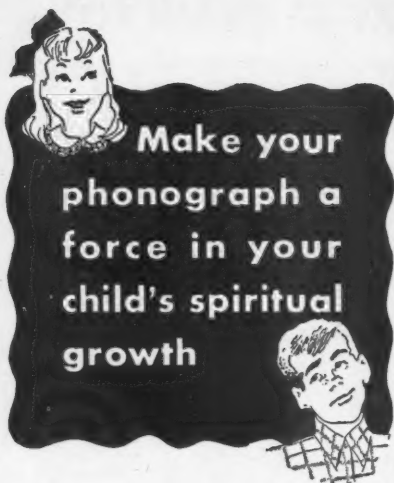
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A Quaker Boy Goes to Meeting

By RUFUS M. JONES

A QUAKER MEETING of the type which prevailed when I was a boy was a unique congregation, which would certainly have perplexed a visitor from the planet Mars. The plain-looking meeting-house, with unpainted seats and undecorated walls, stood on a slightly hill. There was no bell, no organ, no choir, no pulpit, no order of service, no ritual. There was always silence, and then more silence. It was strange that these hardworking toilers kept awake through these long hushes, but they did keep awake, for it was "unbecoming behavior" to nod or to doze. For them this "silence of all flesh" was a sacrament of awe and wonder. They were in faith and practice meeting with God.

It might be supposed that a little boy, keyed to action and charged with animal spirits, on a hard bench, with feet unsupported, would have hated this silence. But such was not the case. The silence came over us as a kind of spell. There was something about it, a sense of divine presence, which even a boy could feel. Sitting in the hush with the moveless group concentrated on the expectation of divine presence, did something to me and for me which has remained an unlost possession.

Almost always the silence was broken in the early part of the meeting by a vocal prayer. "Haply some ore felt on his moved lips the seal of silence melt," as Whittier has expressed it. The prayer was tremulous with emotion, and it

voiced for the waiting group the yearning for fellowship and communion. We all stood with bowed heads as the spontaneous prayer was being poured out. But as soon as we were seated again the silence took on a new depth.

But silence never filled the whole duration of the meeting. In front of us, and facing the main body of the congregation, there were two raised seats on which sat two rows of gifted weighty Friends, who were more likely to be "moved" to bring a message to the meeting than were the rank and file.

At the head of the upper row of women Friends sat a woman of unusual grace and dignity. She wore a bonnet of the usual Quaker type; underneath it a white muslin cap, and over her shoulders a neatly folded silk scarf or shawl. One could see that she was becoming tremulous, and I knew in advance that she was being inwardly "moved" to rise with a message. The amazing, seeking, pursuing love of God was always her theme. She was profoundly evangelical and preached to win souls from sin to a consciousness of salvation. With a mounting voice—still as clear as a bell—she described the glories of the heavenly city. As she sat down, a deep hush spread over us.

Nobody felt like breaking that silence until it had done its perfect work on our minds. It was pretty sure to be broken finally by a man near the top of the upper row on the men's side of the house. He was the husband of the

woman who had spoken. He was as gifted and as widely travelled as was his wife. He was richly endowed with practical wisdom and clear common sense. He understood human nature, and he knew with remarkable insight what would reach and interest a boy. Bible heroes lived again as we listened. Incidents of travel, pictures of the Holy Land, illustrated his message.

But we did not always have the two wonderful ministers on the top seat. They had many calls which took them far and wide and left us sometimes with an awkward squad of exhorters. Every country neighborhood has its "seconds," and it is fortunate if it does not have a few queer specimens. We had our share of the "seconds" and the "queers."

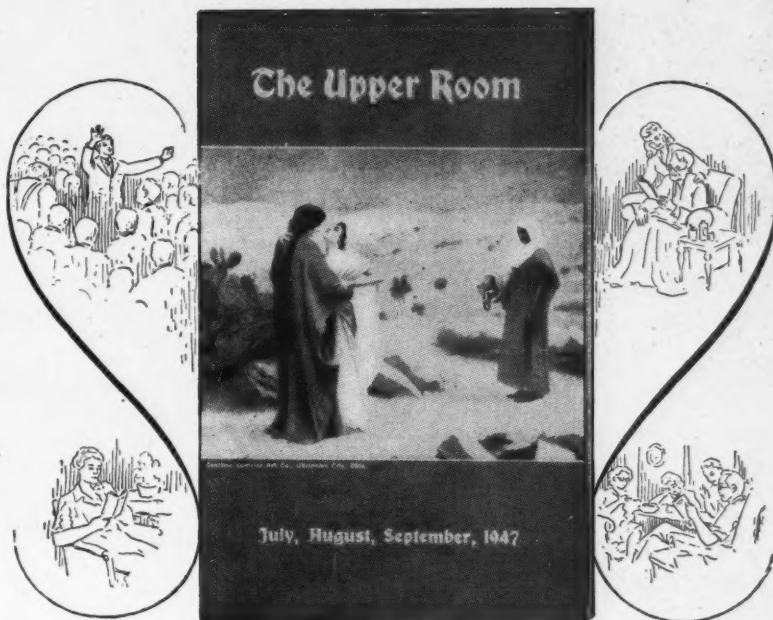
Once each month, in the middle of the week, we had "monthly meeting" for business affairs. There came first a meeting for worship of the usual type, only larger than common. At the end of it, a dignified man who seemed to me unbelievably old and venerable, six feet and two inches tall, with long white hair to his shoulders, would rise and straighten up and say with slow modulation: "If Friends' minds are easy, I apprehend that this would be a suitable time to close this meeting and proceed to the business."

As soon as he had finished and was sitting down, a strange creaking was heard above, and "shutters" started moving down, as though an archangel from above was performing the miracle, and in a few minutes the room was divided into two. The men filed into one and the women into the other. A little table with a hinge on the rail of the facing seat was lifted up and fastened, and the two clerks sat behind it and guided the "business." The business consisted largely of a searching inquiry into the state and condition, the moral and spiritual progress or decline, of the membership.

Sometimes a new member was added; sometimes a member who had lapsed in faithfulness was subtracted. Sometimes two members wished to join in marriage, and their "clearness from other engagements" had to be investigated. Sometimes a Friend in the ministry asked for a liberation to go out to visit other regions in the love of the gospel, and the meeting would "loose him and let him go" with a blessing on his labors.

It no doubt all sounds dull and commonplace to those who are accustomed to high life with its spice and seasoning, but this old-fashioned way to Zion had its quiet thrills and made us feel like colts in the stall. I have seen the world with its follies, and I am glad to get back in memory to the good old simplicities and realities of life.

(Reprinted by permission from "A Small Town Boy," by Rufus M. Jones. Published by The Macmillan Company.)



The Upper Room meets many needs

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● "On a busy Sunday morning the guard at the gate of our vast air base called me and said: 'Chaplain, there's a Jap here who says he wants to talk to a Protestant chaplain. What shall I do?'"

"I hurried across the field and was met by a middle-aged Japanese civilian who was nervously twisting the pages of a copy of THE UPPER ROOM. I could not learn where he had picked it up—probably from a GI trash pile. He told me how he had managed to read the book, using the English he had learned in school and with the aid of an English-Japanese dictionary, a laborious process at best. He said to me, 'Sir, could you talk to me about your Christ?'"

— An Army Chaplain

● "Miss Wallace send me copy of 'The Upper Room.' I like to read it very much. It seems the bright lantern to show me walk on the right way, to lead me to get the eternal life. I read it first when I get up from my bed, and then to charge our morning devotions. Many patients here were converted, and they are very glad to hear the words from the book when I translate for them. I got great influence and comfort from the book."

— A Native Minister in a Chinese Leper Colony

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And to my listening ears
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The music of the spheres...*



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NEWS

A Department of Interpretation and Comment

Edited by **GABRIEL COURIER**

AT HOME

LEWIS: Mr. John L. Lewis is at it again: rebuffed by the United States Supreme Court in his recent strike, he has achieved what he was after by the devious method of calling out his miners for a week's "mourning." They mourn the death of the men of Centralia.

The whole nation mourns the death of the men in that Centralia affair; it was one of the most unnecessary slaughters of mining history. And we somehow sympathize with the desire of Mr. Lewis to dramatize his Union mourning so that the whole nation will know about it. But—is that really why he ordered the Holy Week layoff? He calls Mr. Krug a "murderer," but he knows that others are equally, if not more, to blame for that tragedy; his own Union men knew that mine was unsafe, and could have prevented it. Mr. Lewis, himself, knows

that many another mine is far from safe; he is a bit tardy with his dramatics.

No, this is not a gesture of sympathy for the dead; it is the bold-faced gesture of a man who wants us all to know that he is top man, and that he will get what he wants one way or another. Therein lies Mr. Lewis' strength—and weakness. He has a way of saying and doing things that make you oppose him, even before he says and does them.

Labor will get what it least wants, from such tactics: it will get the most stringent anti-labor laws of the decade.

WALLACE: We've just been reading the editorial column in the *Memphis Commercial-Appeal*. It is one of the nation's finest newspapers; it calls Mr. Henry Wallace, now on a speaking-tour of Europe, the modern Benedict Arnold. Perhaps we can understand the indignation of the *Commercial-Appeal* when we understand that it is one of the most

solidly Democratic papers in the United States. We doubt that Mr. Wallace deserves the awful appellation; we share the newspaper's indignation.

What Mr. Wallace is doing in Europe is to put the United States in the worst possible light. Europe knows him as a man close to the late Franklin D. Roosevelt, and as a former Vice-President; it does not know him as one of our outstanding political malcontents. That Mr. Wallace is sincere, we have no doubt; that he is also sabotaging the American effort for peace, we also cannot doubt. When he says in Europe: "At the end of the war America's main objective was a quick victory followed by a quick return to normalcy; it was the normalcy of selfishness, nationalism and power politics . . ." he simply says something that is not so. This country is the leading proponent of the United Nations; it asks less out of the war than any other victorious nation; it stands to pay more heavily for that unity than any other nation will pay.

Mr. Wallace has become, all sincerity to the contrary, a most dangerous, destructive force boring from within American life. We used to like Henry Wallace; we regret seeing him drifting fast toward the precincts of the lunatic fringe.

PRICES: What this country needs most is not a new President; it needs a good consumer's revolution. Mr. Truman has pointed the way with his intimation that some big business men were

ACME



INT. NEWS

STRIKES. The wave of post-war strikes continues unabated in the nation. Above: With phone service out, this Baltimore reporter covers the strike via walkie-talkie. The editor receives the news, below. Left: Violence at the strike-bound Allis Chalmers plant in Wisconsin.

making exorbitant profits and taking advantage of a chaotic economic situation. Macy's, one of the nation's biggest department stores, says in a series of full-page ads that many prices are too high and *can be reduced* through increased production and the cutting of price margins. A national grocer's association promises to fight for lower prices. We believe that the better business men of this country want to cut prices; the trouble is there aren't enough of better business men.

TEACHERS: The agitation for public school teachers' (higher) salaries goes on and on. It should. We're for them, and for more pay. They are the bulwark of the nation. They are the most outrageously underpaid professional workers in the United States. It's time. . .

But sometimes we wonder whether there isn't someone else in this picture getting too little attention. *How about the children?* It may be all right for the schoolmarm to walk out and leave the youngsters stranded—all right, that

fronts, at *once*. There had to be a settlement of land, a new government set up, reparations assigned, a whole new economic order dreamed up for Germany. Any one of these aims calls for a Moscow Conference; all of them together was just too much.

This peace with Germany is like no other peace ever made with anybody. It will take a long, long time.

JUNKERS: Many of us missed it, but it has happened just the same: what the Allies once planned to accomplish together, Russia has accomplished alone. The Soviet has made effective a land-reform scheme which will put an end to Junker power. The Junkers hold forth in Prussia; their power is the soul of German militarism, and it depends upon their huge landed estates, particularly in Mecklenburg, and Mecklenburg lies in the Russian Zone. Stalin's men found the country here divided up into big estates averaging 515 acres; they have systematically and ruthlessly gone about the work of re-dividing those Junker-owned estates into 20- and 25-acre farms. No payment was made to the Prussian owners; indeed, most of them were in no position to collect. They're dead.

The Russians more than once have advanced the small farmer enough cash to get started; they have also distributed small cultivation machinery. Heavier machinery—tractors, threshing machines, etc.—are held in common by groups of farmers. The new farmer must turn over from 40 to 60 percent of his produce to the state; if he is too lazy to produce and divide his produce, he loses his holding.

It looks good—and it is good, except for one thing. We are not being told just how much of this food is being used to feed Russia! The Russian soldier is pretty grim in his enforcement of quotas; the farmer who fails is often dubbed "fascist criminal." That's the black side of the picture. The white side is seen in the destruction of Junker power, and that is good.

You seldom see a picture that is all white!

STRATEGY: There is not a single British soldier today between Cairo, Alexandria and Port Said. The British are moving out. The Egyptians are jubilant. Independence!

Egypt, under the pleasure-loving King Farouk, had consistently refused to talk of treating with the British so long as there was a single British soldier on her soil. Well, now she can treat! The British are going, going, gone. And some Egyptians are a little lonely without them. Some Egyptians wonder what Russia will do.

But while the British are leaving Egypt, they are not leaving the Sudan. Egypt calls for permanent union with the Sudan, "whether the Sudanese like



CRADLE SNATCHER

We're getting a bit weary of being robbed. We write this page of news in a fourth-rate hotel room, secured in Memphis at midnight; we had a room reserved (two weeks!) in the best hotel in town, but we found ourselves sold out and left out. Many a big hotel in this country practices the same racket; we had exactly the same experience a month ago in a big Chicago hostelry. Men all around us, in the line before the clerk's desk, were getting rooms *without reservations*; we just didn't happen to know "Joe."

A doctor-friend of ours reserved a compartment in a train going south; he had his tickets in his pocket, but the conductor told him that "the compartment was needed for sick soldier boys." Being a gentleman, our doctor said, "O. K. If the boys need it, they can have it." An hour later he walked back through the train and found a crowd of noisy businessmen playing bridge (?) in his compartment. The conductor's only explanation was that "They must have paid more than you did for the compartment!"

You figure it out. I'm too mad.

is, for the teachers. But the kids did nothing to deserve this. They're stranded between modern parents, who neglect them too much, and teachers who care too little. Let's pay the teachers what they're worth (some we know aren't worth what they're getting now!), but let's also see to it that the younger generation isn't victimized by this modern lust for more money. They have some rights, too, in the schoolroom, but about the only time we think of their rights is when *they* go out on strike. All they usually get for it is a spanking.

"Taint right!

ABROAD

MOSCOW: As we go to press, the important, hopefully begun Moscow Conference has adjourned, having failed to work the miracle. Few there be in this world who really expected the miracle would come off.

What had to happen there was too much: progress had to be made on four

it or not." (The old pattern, all over again!) We think there will be no union. We think the British will stay on in the Sudan; they will stay there to protect the Suez Canal. They will keep there new long-range aircraft which will be in a better position to dominate the whole Middle East than land troops in Egypt ever were. Forward air bases will also be set up in Iraq, in Transjordan. Kenya will be the new center of defense—against Russia.

Mr. Churchill calls it "the clattering down of the British Empire." It isn't that. Mr. Churchill would maintain the dead past; the longer-sighted military men of Britain would build on the future. They know a new day is here with the long-range aeroplane. And they know they *must* resist further Soviet expansion. And behind them is the same conviction on the part of the United States.

GREECE: There will be no great change in Greece, in spite of the death of one and the installation of another. King George was a lonely, frustrated man, torn between political factions and foreign sympathies; his brother, Paul, now ruling, has more friends. He also has an intelligent, democratic, aggressive wife in Frederika (great-great granddaughter of British Queen Victoria).

Paul has a reputation as a play-boy; he is well known at Monte Carlo. He also has personality and patriotism. He knows where he stands—and that is against the Leftists, against whom he has already begun to fight. Paul will get along. He will play ball with the United States and Great Britain. The

policy of his government will change little from the policy under George, but it will have a more determined democrat at the wheel.

FRANCE: Dangerous doldrums are holding the stage in France. Trying to break its spell is "Le Grande Charlie"—the unpredictable, temperamental Charles De Gaulle. And crowds around Paris are shouting, "De Gaulle au pouvoir!" (De Gaulle to power!)

De Gaulle has no use for the present government; he detests the new French constitution; he calls for a "profound reform of the state." Veteran and aging Leon Blum, Communist, says he is "obliged to acknowledge that an open fight has now begun." Blum will lead the left, De Gaulle the right.

All the right (or conservatives), however, are not one hundred percent De Gaullist. They are still a bit suspicious of him; he has been with them one day, gone with the political wind the next. They are attempting to put a mild gag on his careless lips: he is supposed to speak politically only at unofficial functions. What difference does it make where he says it?

France is in a strange mood; she is tired, cynical, hesitant to trust any politico. With Communists pulling one way, Socialists and Catholics another, the French can easily break into national disorder and confusion. If and when that happens, watch De Gaulle. Tricky as he is, there are literally millions of Frenchmen who would follow him again, wherever he might lead.

CHINA: A letter from a none-too-gentle reader blasts us for "having no

faith in the poor people of China." Looking back over what we've written in this department, we understand her anxiety.

We have a tremendous faith in the poor people of China—in the poor, little people everywhere. Our distrust *in re* China is not in them, but in the ex-warlords and racketeers around their leader, Chiang Kai-shek. That Chiang was compelled to enlist their services in the interests of unity is plain; that he should get rid of them as soon as possible is plainer than plain.

Some of the best friends of China are saying that—friends who have lived there for years, and who know the country and the people well. Most correspondents who know whereof they speak are telling us that the common people do *not* want a continuation of this ex-warlord regime; they love Chiang, but they distrust his colleagues and advisers.

We pray it may work out without bloodshed; at the moment, bloodshed and civil war seem certain. The truth hurts, but that seems to be the truth!

CHURCH NEWS

COMMUNISTS: We do not say "I told you so" in this department often. We are mistaken in our predictions and conclusions often enough to do a little private gloating when we do hit the bull's eye. We seem to have hit it in our opposition to the proposal to make the Communist Party illegal by Congressional fiat.

Thirty-two New Hampshire clergymen last month, together with certain educators and civic leaders issued a strong statement protesting the idea. They say that "These actions seem to indicate . . . that majorities have the right to stamp out minorities. . . ." And that "Just as we rightly insist that European countries allow minority parties to express themselves, we must allow the same rights in the United States." Exactly so.

And an attempt to ban the "Communies" from running for state office in Minnesota under the party label has been defeated in the state legislature.

This is still the United States!

CHURCH, STATE: Speaking to 8,000 delegates at a recent convention of the National Catholic Educational Association, Archbishop John T. McNicholas of Cincinnati called for "a cordial relationship" between church and state as essential to sound education. He claims that the obvious obligation of church and state "is to cooperate in an unselfish and friendly way. . . . There should be a cordial partnership."

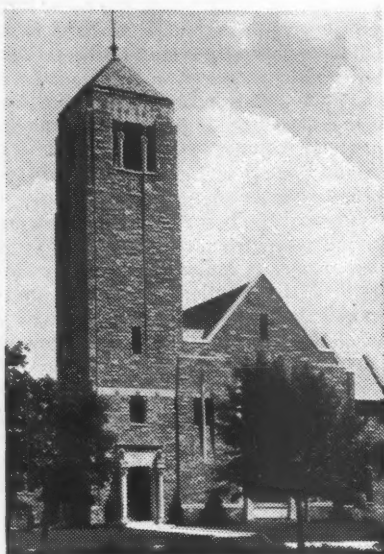
We agree with the archbishop insofar as the lack of religious education in the



INT. NEWS

INTOLERANCE. Students at a Los Angeles high school recently staged a mass protest over the enrollment of eight Negroes. Above: Principal H. S. Wood carries an effigy which he took away from the demonstrating pupils.

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public schools is concerned; there is much to be desired there. But we decidedly disagree that the state is obligated to cooperate with the church. We presume he is rather interested in having the state cooperate with the Roman Catholic Church when he says that—as we say that attempts at this, in the past, have turned out badly. He calls for cooperation in "an unselfish and friendly way . . ." and we rise to remark that the Catholic Church has proved itself something worse than selfish wherever and whenever it has managed to get its hands on education. We refer you—and Archbishop McNicholas—to Spain, where Protestant parents and youngsters, under Catholic-dominated schools, have nothing whatever to say!

QUAKERS: We have always had a deep respect for the principles and actions of the Society of Friends; they have been a bulwark of righteousness all over the world, and they have done more for Christian righteousness in the social order than most of our larger denominations. Traditionally, they have been a spiritual Gibraltar.

Feeling this way, it comes as something of a shock to read that certain Friendly traditions are in process of drastic change. Reports from several Quarterly Meetings, read at the recent Arch Street Yearly Meeting in Philadelphia, indicate a decline in pacifism among the Quakers. One report said: "Probably only half of our members either refused military training or refused to participate directly in the war." Another: "Many of our members have come to regard war as inescapable. . . ." From Philadelphia itself: "We are not united in our attitude toward participation in war."

Some Quakers were revealed, in the same survey, as no longer so determined in their opposition to the use of alcohol and tobacco—especially among the younger groups.

Expecting and even favoring change and progress as we do, we are somehow sad to read this. While we have not always agreed with the Quaker in his pacifism, we have been rather glad to see him stick to his pacifist guns; it takes folks like this to keep the rest of us from going haywire in the opposite direction. And if they are slipping even a little on the liquor question, we are more than sad.

UNION: The Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. is still willing to talk union with the Protestant Episcopal Church, in spite of the cold water thrown on that proposal by the Episcopalians at their last General Convention.

The Presbyterian Department of Church Cooperation and Union says that "In this situation the Department would recommend that judgment continue to be suspended, and that our Church refrain from action. . . . We

should be receptive to any suggestions looking forward to union that may come from our Episcopal brethren. . . ." (Italics ours.)

Note that last line. And that it is suggested that the Presbyterians "refrain from action." There's the hitch. If we interpret this correctly, it means that the Presbyterians will not move aggressively for union themselves; they will wait for the Episcopalians to move. That is not so good. It means that nothing will be done, nobody will move.

But it bears out the statement recently made to this reporter by a highly placed Presbyterian: "Our Church is through. It's up to them, now."

We do not now, and never did, believe that these two denominations have enough in common to bring about an organic union. Why not a Presbyterian move in the direction of either the Congregationalists or the Methodists?

C. O.'s: Down in Puerto Rico, all conscientious objectors have been released under the terms of the Selective



During the war a lieutenant commander in the Navy serving as Project Supervisor of Training Films, Ernest R. Bryan recently assumed the post of general secretary of Christian Endeavor.

Service Act. But the C. O.'s are going on with the job they did so well during the war. Many Mennonites and Church of the Brethren objectors are continuing their invaluable and revolutionary community services.

They get \$10 a month; they instruct rural people in agriculture, sanitation, sewing, nutrition, art; in organizing recreational and health programs; in establishing free milk stations. Their example has inspired other larger de-

nominations to do the same thing.

There is a great story to be written about these Mennonites and Brethren: they are doing the most effective piece of missionary work in Puerto Rico today, in spite of their small numbers. More power to their hearts!

TOKYO: It's an ill wind of war that blows nobody good. Witness the seven pastors in the poorer districts of Tokyo, who have just drafted a plan whereby each will undertake specialized responsibilities in one common church building. One pastor will look after the young people, another will specialize in social and community work, a third will take care of the evangelistic program, etc. And the preachers are not all of one denomination: they are Methodist, Presbyterian, United Brethren, Evangelical, Holiness and Baptists.

TEMPERANCE

BOTTLES: We were in Memphis this month, as you are already probably aware. On a Memphis street, two out-of-town visitors complained to us that this blankety-blank town had no cocktail bars; a man couldn't buy a drink of liquor anywhere. A native, overhearing the gripe, told them they could buy a bottle of whiskey and mix the drink themselves. To which one of the "foreigners" replied, "Who wants to lug a bottle around?"

We like that system. While we're not advocating liquor stores, we believe there is many a town in this country that could rid itself of 80 percent of its liquor problem if it tried this. Not many men want to be bothered with a bottle; not one in fifty wants to be seen with a bottle on his table in a public dining room. There's something cheap about that, something lowbrow.

It isn't the final answer, but it's one answer, one step.

BRAIN: We are indebted to the *Allied Youth Blotter* for this "quote" from Dr. Charles Mayo:

"You can get along with a wooden leg, but you can't get along with a wooden head. . . . It is the brain that counts, but in order that your brain be kept clear you must keep your body fit and well. A man who has to drag a habit around with him that is a danger and a menace to society ought to go off in the woods and live alone. We do not tolerate the obvious use of morphine or cocaine or opium, and we should not tolerate liquor drinking because, I tell you, these things are what break down the command of the individual over his own life and his own destiny."

Coming from Dr. Mayo, that is worth listening to. It makes sense, coming from anybody.

What unseen force HANDICAPS all these people?



Office Worker. She can't concentrate. She makes lots of mistakes. Her work output is low in quantity and quality. She is often absent. All the girls around her suffer from the same symptoms. Why? Because they are tired and confused all day long by irritating, distracting noise . . . from office machines, telephone bells, loud conversations, and intruding street sounds.



Schoolboy. He has just received another poor report card. It will puzzle his mother; she knows he's intelligent. The trouble is he just can't think in school. Often he fails to hear the teacher correctly. Distracting NOISE is his handicap . . . corridor and street traffic, chalk on blackboards, windows raised and lowered, doors slammed, the buzz of schoolroom activity.



Factory Worker. He is "fed up," ready to quit just as many of his fellow workmen have done. "I can't take it," he says. "The noise is driving me nuts." Although not all workers realize it, noise tires men before they've put in a full day's work, makes them slow and inefficient, invites spoilage, accidents, and absenteeism. In short, it handicaps labor and boosts production costs.



Clergyman. He has a strong, carefully trained voice. Yet he finds that he must strain to make himself heard. In spite of his best efforts, parishioners find it difficult to hear every word distinctly. All because sounds reverberate so long that words become "scrambled." And where acoustics are poor, the message may never reach the ears, let alone the minds and hearts of listeners.

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Editorially Speaking...

● WAYWARD BOOK CLUB

THE Wayward Bus" is, we think an evil book—not worse than others from John Steinbeck's dramatic pen, but without the "social struggle" excuses that are made for the others. However, this is an editorial, not a book review. It is CHRISTIAN HERALD's all-out protest against the selection of "The Wayward Bus" by the Book-of-the-Month Club. There is no justification in either art or morals for the choice, and the tongue-in-cheek language with which the selection is announced is a bland and brazen affront to American parents, a gratuitous insult to the American home, i.e.: "Mr. Steinbeck may write too freely for the taste of some readers, particularly parents who may have teen-age children." Time Magazine's review refers to the novel as "cunning and cheap." We can agree with that.

Eight of the greatest book markets of the United States, including the four largest, and hundreds of smaller markets could be closed to the lewd fiction with which greedy publishers and their willing authors now flood the country. United church action would do it. Perhaps that unity now approaches. CHRISTIAN HERALD abhors the very thought of censorship, but CHRISTIAN HERALD also abhors this other mounting evil with its direct contribution to crime, vice and delinquency.

If publishers will not impose self-discipline—and they give no evidence of doing so—if they will not learn by the easier way, then they must learn the hard way. They cannot afford to lose these lucrative markets that a more widely representative league of decency—Catholic, Protestant and Jewish, all faiths and all citizens of good will—can rather quickly shut to them.

To date no moral effrontery equal to this March release of the Book-of-the-Month Club has come to our attention. It registers in its field an all-time low. For

months now we have been amazed at the ineptitude of this, the oldest of the book clubs. CHRISTIAN HERALD mail reflects the growing restlessness, ranging from disappointment to disgust, of a wide section of the clubs' membership. Perhaps we are indebted to this senior organization for its frank disregard of those who have no other interest in this grave matter than the country's general welfare, including, among all other freedoms, freedom of speech and freedom of the press. But also we must be free of the unrestrained license of those who corrupt the language to seduce the public mind in all age levels. Personal liberty and the publisher's liberty must end where public welfare begins.

Again we renounce censorship in principle and plead for self-discipline. But the hour is very late!

● WE CAN BE POSITIVE TOO!

THE editor of CHRISTIAN HERALD has been greatly embarrassed by the fact that his endorsement of the Family Reading Club appeared in an advertisement announcing a novel which he, previously refusing to commend, had severely criticized. This particular book is definitely offensive to our CHRISTIAN HERALD constituency.

It is our earnest hope that no similar situation will arise in the future, for if it does there will be no alternative but to publicly withdraw our approval of this club.

From one of our Pacific Coast readers has come a striking commendation of the People's Book Club, sponsored by Sears, Roebuck & Company. She writes: "I have been a member of this club for nearly three years, and with only a possible single exception not one book has had even a suggestive line in it."

We are glad to be positive as well as negative!

● POSTSCRIPT TO A PRAYER

WHEN the United Lutheran Church in America set aside the week of January 26th as "Pray for the Press Week," the country applauded. Every evening at seven, the nearly two million members of the Lutheran Church in the United States were asked to offer up a prayer for the newspaper men and women of the nation.

F. Eppling Reinartz, Secretary of the Lutheran Church, announced the unique campaign in the following words, "Let us pray for all who gather and publish news, that they may discharge their trust in the interests of godliness and good order."

CHRISTIAN HERALD saw many references to this program that were understanding and generous, but there was one at least that left a good deal to be desired. In the New York Daily News, the most widely circulated

newspaper in the United States, an editorial referring to "Pray for the Press Week" closed with these words: "That's O.K. by us, except that we would like to add a short postscript to Dr. Reinartz's proposed supplication. Our addition would go like this: 'And, O Lord, please don't let any newspaper people ever forget the statement of Wilbur F. Storey, setting forth the aims of the old Chicago Times in 1861: "It is a newspaper's duty to print the news, and raise hell." Amen.'"

If the man who wrote that didn't mean to be offensive, he couldn't have been more effective even though he had tried!

Daniel A. Poling
EDITOR OF CHRISTIAN HERALD



REV. J. A. RABUN

The AXEMEN Cometh

How long he will last nobody knows, but that doesn't trouble Joe Rabun. Down in Georgia, actually in Gene Talmadge's church, he fights on for the Christian Way

BY FRANK S. MEAD

IN THE parsonage next door to the McRae Baptist Church, preacher "Joe" Rabun, lately of the United States Marines, sits waiting for the axe to fall. He asked for it; he's invited the axemen. In the little brick church on the corner, he's been telling the congregation—and Dixie and the world—that it's time the South stopped being afraid of the Negro and gave him a chance; that "white supremacy" is plain prejudice born of fear, that it is not only un-Christian and un-American but plain suicide; that in keeping their million colored folks in the bonds of economic and social slavery, the two million white folks are only cutting their own (white) throats.

Other preachers may have said all this—but not in *this* town or *this* church. For McRae is Gene Talmadge's home town, and this church is often called, down there, "Gene's Church." Father Gene and son Herman sometimes sat in these pews together, undisturbed. Up to the time the big ex-Marine chaplain came to McRae, it was a nice quiet little church in a nice quiet little Southern town. There are only 300-plus members on the rolls of the church and perhaps 1200 people in the town, but right now there's more excitement to the square inch in McRae than you'll find in New York or Chicago.

Rabun himself isn't very much excited over the furore he's created; as a matter of fact, he's quite happy over the whole thing. The only worried and unhappy ones are the axemen themselves—the outraged defenders of "white supremacy" who would like to get him out of there. What worries them is that Rabun has never yet mentioned the name of Talmadge; he's fighting a principle, not a man, and he insists on keeping it that way.

He also insists there isn't anything local about his fight, that it is the same fight against corrupt politics, exploitation, prejudice and ignorance that was waged against Huey Long in Louisiana, Kelly in Chicago, the Pendergasts in Kansas City and Tammany Hall in New York. He battles a pattern, a concept. He fights not so much *against* Talmadge as *for* democracy.

What makes them unhappy is that this parson is as Southern as cotton and chitlings; he was born on a farm near Albany, Georgia, and he grew up in Morgan, a scant hundred and fifty miles from McRae. This is no moralizing Yankee come South to tell them what it's all about; one of his ancestors was governor of Georgia, and there is a county in the state named for his family. As a boy he played with Negro youngsters, and never thought it odd. One summer,

doing clinical work at the Norfolk (Mass.) prison, he roomed with one Simeon Bankole Wright, native of Sierra Leone, Africa. Rabun has lived his whole life on the theory that color doesn't make the man. He has lived dangerously from the start.

At 17 he ran away from home and joined the Navy; he was on the *Mississippi* when the big 14-inch gun backfired in No. 2 turret and killed forty-eight men. It was the spectacle of sudden death that sent him to college to study for the ministry. Standing six-foot-two and with a jaw that still says, "Be careful!" he turned up on the campus of the University of Redlands with a yen for athletics; within six months they were calling him "The Iron Man." He went in for football, baseball, basketball, swimming, track. Especially track; the grandstands at California track meets thought the boy was sick if he didn't win or at least place in four to six events at every meet.

HE was hardly out of college and ordained a Baptist minister when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor; he offered his services as a chaplain, asked for the toughest assignment there was, and got it. He got the Ninth Marines. He splashed ashore with the first waves at Bougainville and Guam, got the pack shot off his back and got his neck "cropped off real short" by the "brass" for occasionally defending the rights of the enlisted man—white and black—against the officers. He came out of it highly popular with G. I. Joe, a hero in need of a job.

The McRae Baptists, just then, needed a minister; they asked the hero to come and candidate. Which he did. He preached two sermons in which he made it plain that his brand of Christianity took in everybody and left out nobody. He kicked the color line all over the place. Maybe they didn't hear him, or maybe they didn't get it if they did. They called him. He moved to town with his (Massachu-

setts) wife, two little girls, and a disarming smile. They settled down in the little seven-room brick parsonage on shady, quiet College Street, with a salary of \$3,000 and a strange glint in Rabun's eye. There still seems to be some doubt around McRae as to just what the Baptists thought they were getting; what they got was something hotter than Bougainville.

That was last fall. On November 13, there was a meeting of the Georgia Baptist Convention at Savannah; the new preacher at "Ole Gene's Church" packed his bags and went down there, sat silent until someone presented one of those harmless and almost silent resolutions asking that "the Christian people of Georgia be urged to apply the principles of Jesus in a serious effort to allay the growing race tensions . . ."

Rabun leaped to his feet, shouting that the resolution was too weak. "Why can't we put some teeth in it?"

Would the young Mr. Rabun like to put some teeth in it? He would; ten minutes later he was back with an amended resolution which read: "Resolved: That the Christian people of Georgia, particularly Baptists, speak forth with every ounce of energy—by word, deed and thought—against the so-called political groups which are but a counterpart of Nazi hate groups, preaching a so-called racial superiority that is neither American nor Christian; that we hereby proclaim, if necessary, our traditional stand that every man has the same right to participate in the blessings of our American way of life and that no man shall be discriminated against because of race, creed or color."

It was a stiff dose. One cautious clergyman rose to suggest that the brethren be careful. "What we want," suggested the Rev. J. Seaburn Winn of Macon, "is a safe and sane resolution that we can pass unanimously." Rabun flared back, "Our Lord was not safe and sane!" The convention, to its everlasting glory, accepted the amendment, and then, for the first time in the history of the state of Georgia and the Baptist denomination, marched across town to visit a meeting of Negro Baptists at the auditorium.

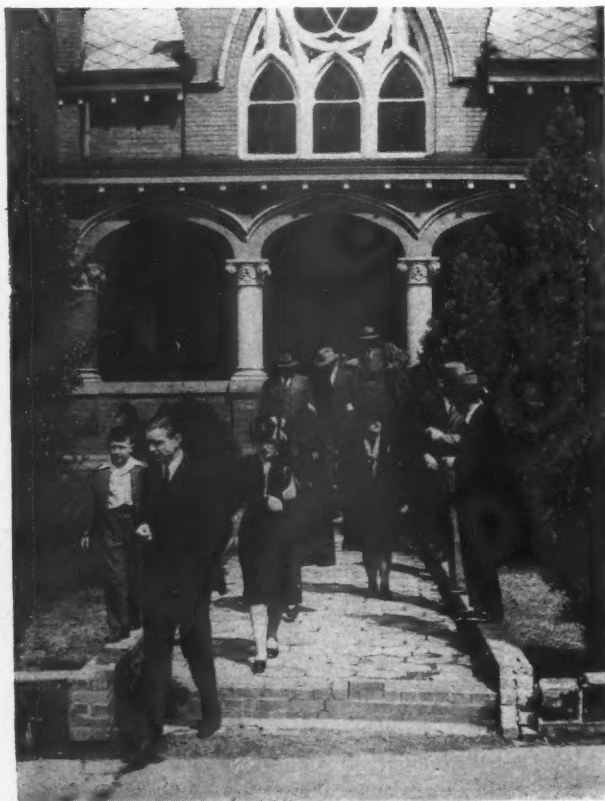
Rabun had won that round, but he wasn't to win when he spoke in Atlanta before the State Legislature's committee considering the Roy Harris-Herman Talmadge White Primary bill. He was there only a few minutes, but he had time to say: "I am no paragon of virtue or piety, but if I remained silent when my Negro neighbors were being politically beaten, robbed and left for dead on Georgia's Jericho Road, I would immediately forfeit all I have of virtue."

THE deacons back home read that; eleven out of thirteen of them wired Herman Talmadge (who then was enjoying his brief term as "governor") that if those were the preacher's ideas, they certainly were not *theirs*. Rabun had the perfect answer for that: he blasted his deacons for injecting personalities into the fight, and he offered to resign if this were the opinion of the majority of the congregation. The resignation hasn't been accepted—yet.

Then, during "Brotherhood Month," there was the Rotary Club luncheon at which the preacher quoted Jesus Christ, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Abraham Lincoln. (Incidentally, when he turns his head a certain way, there is something Lincolnian in Rabun's face.) Why the Rotarians ever asked him to come at all is still a mystery, but once he was there they got a speech they'll never forget. It was a very hot shot indeed—on the color question:

"I helped bury hundreds of my brothers of Polish, Jewish, Irish, Japanese, Hawaiian, African, French, German and a dozen other racial strains. And I didn't bury them to perpetuate hate and bigotry and prejudice and fear. We spent billions of dollars and lost hundreds of thousands of irreplaceable young minds, hearts and souls, in putting down a foreign threat to our way of life. How can I close my eyes or still my voice when as grave a threat exists on my own

(Continued on page 50)



This is "Gene's Church" where, at this writing, Parson Rabun is still standing inflexibly for Brotherhood—and Democracy.

Wake scowled at the picture . . . it was the biggest, handsomest brook trout he had ever seen.



Night Wind

BY HUGH B. CAVE

PROMPTLY at ten o'clock Wakely Peters snapped off the outside light. The highway was deserted. Gusts of rain rattled the hotel windows, and the broken sign above the front door creaked mournfully in the wind. State o' Maine weather could be raw, even in May.

Since '38, when hurricane winds had screamed in off the Atlantic and shaken Peters House to its foundations, Martha Peters had said patiently, once a month: "Why don't you get a new sign, Wake? Why be so *mulish*?" But they didn't need any new sign, Wake insisted. Nine out of ten people who stopped were old customers—salesmen doing the northern Maine towns, or sportsmen on their way hunting and fishing.

Besides, on the morning after that memorable storm, Wake Peters, not noticing the damage to his sign, had triumphantly informed his neighbors that the hurricane hadn't cost him a cent. He'd rot in his boots, now, before he would let that storm make him out a liar.

Leaving the door unlocked and a

lamp lit beside the open register on the desk, he made his way to the stairs. There was no night clerk at Peters House. Late arrivals could walk in, sign the book, take any unoccupied room they liked, and pay up in the morning. "Sports" and drummers had been doing it for years.

Holding a flashlight, Wake went along the second-floor hall to the end room, as he'd been doing ever since Peg Peters, his daughter, had been transferred from her typing job at the pulp mill to the company's main office in New York. He put on the light in Peg's room and stood scowling at the fishing rods in the corner, at the six-pound-four-ounce brook trout on the wall above the four-poster.

Wake remembered the day he'd caught that trout. He remembered the admiration in Peg's wide eyes when he'd brought it home. She was an outdoor girl, a true Peters. She understood the importance of such things.

Then he thought of the telegram which had come day before yesterday, and his jaw jutted.

On the chest of drawers stood a photograph of Martha and Wakely Peters on their wedding day—Wake straight as a mast in his rented suit, Martha proud and pretty in white satin and lace which her mother had worn before her. He thought of his daughter, Peg, married to a preacher—a preacher!—and was still muttering when he put out the light and went upstairs. The only time Wake Peters ever went to church was when Martha dragged him there unwillingly.

Martha, in bed, said quietly, "I want to talk to you, Wake, about that letter Peg wrote—"

"I'll have no more talk about that man, Martha!"

"—before we knew she was about to be married," Martha went on, ignoring the interruption, "she was plannin', you recall, to spend a week at the lake, fishing, and wanted you to go along. You never did answer that letter."

"A lot of time she'll have for fishing,

ILLUSTRATED BY
HENRY LUHRS

CHRISTIAN HERALD'S

CLASSIFIED ADS

This is free space. No charge, no money paid. If you're original enough, with a respectable Christian complaint, we might use what you send. But we don't promise anything.

HOUSES FOR RENT

FOR RENT: Lovely old house in highly restricted residential area. Will be vacant, we think, on Inauguration Day, 1949. Tenant must be native-born, white, Protestant American who can make a good speech, hold friends and influence people, and stand ready to kiss babies by the thousands. Family not important, except that they must be ready to take the blame for whatever the head of the house does. Head of house must be able to take never-ending criticism; he will have very critical neighbors, spread over wide area. Will repaint house to suit, but can't remodel. Has spacious gardens, high picket fence all around, and rear lawn good for egg-rolling. Write THE WHITE HOUSE, Washington, D.C.

PERSONALS

GEORGE MARSHALL, please come back. Things have been going from bad to worse since you left here. Everybody is fighting everybody else, and there's a big bad bear waiting to break down our door when we get tired fighting each other. We need your strong hand. We're sorry we said all those nasty things about you. All will be forgiven if you just come back and try to get along with us again. Write us soon: THE PEOPLE OF CHINA.

WANTED: MISCELLANEOUS

VOICES: Voices with something to say, something other than the old Fourth of July hokum for the forthcoming Presidential campaign. Have discovered that there isn't enough difference any more between Republicans and Democrats to really interest tired voters. Address: EITHER REPUBLICAN or DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

AUTHORS: Authors who will write dirty books on order. Writers need not worry; they are immune from law. Prefer characters who look respectable and act otherwise. Ready to spend large sums of money in camouflaged advertising. Big market! Big money! Address: U.S. PUBLISHERS.

WANTED: MISCELLANEOUS

TEACHER: Will pay teacher of English well for short but very important job. We need instructor to teach our Minister of Foreign Affairs to say just one word in English. The word is "Yes." Hurry, please: THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.

AN IDEA: A man with a program that will enable us to get out of here without losing too much face. Will accept most any idea, so long as we can keep our oil: THE BRITISH IN PALESTINE.

FOR SALE

BOOK: I have just written the story of my life, and am looking for publisher. It is very frank account of my heritage, background and accomplishments. Would be sure-fire book for smart publisher: I am probably the only actor in Hollywood who has never smoked, drunk, or been divorced. Record absolutely above reproach. If you are interested in giving the world this book, write me immediately. LASSIE, Hollywood, California.

SERMONS: One complete set Beecher's sermons. They are all good; have preached every one of them myself. Am now peddling insurance. Will sell cheap; don't ever expect to use them again: JOHN JONES, Square Deal Insurance Co., Middletown, U.S.A.

MEDALS: Choice lot of military decorations, earned under fire. Would swap for artificial limb, good job or decent place to live in. Address: FRED SMITH, HERO, Middletown, U.S.A.

HELP WANTED

LEADER: Anxious to secure services of topflight leader big enough to see suicidal tendencies of modern Protestant set-up. Big enough to put the Kingdom of God and the whole Church of Christ before interests of any denomination. Must be ready to take endless criticism of his long view. Men with "bishop's bluster" or "ecclesiastical whine" need not apply. Address: AMERICAN PROTESTANTISM.

with a man like that on her hands!" Wake snorted. "What'll he do?—sit in the canoe and think up sermons while she paddles him around?"

Martha, nearing sixty, had learned long ago to be calm. "I'm surprised, Wake. You generally like a person until you've a reason for feeling otherwise."

"I don't like preachers!"
"You don't even know—"

But Wake Peters was not to be fooled into another discussion of his "mulishness." He undressed, climbed into bed, turned out the light, and tugged the quilt up around his shoulders. Then there was no sound in the room except that of the wind whistling along the clapboards and the rain thumping the windows.

It was after 2 A.M. when Wake heard a car stop out front. The hotel door opened and he sat up in bed. Two A.M. was late. He wondered if the arrivals were strangers who, finding no one in the lobby, would ring the night bell until he went down to attend to them.

He groped for his slippers, waiting for footsteps on the stairs. Hearing them, he voiced a sigh of relief, returned his feet to bed, pulled the quilt up again and shut his eyes. The hotel business was normal, even if his personal affairs were not.

Martha had not stirred.

WHEN he looked out the window in the morning, the car was gone. Martha, downstairs in the kitchen, was setting the table for breakfast. Wake was surprised to find no money in the register, where his customers usually left it. "Left it in the room," he decided, and looked at the book to see which room they had occupied.

The number wasn't there. It wasn't needed. In a fine, neat hand the book was signed, "Mr. and Mrs. Walter Newsome." Peg and her preacher husband!

Wake slammed the book shut. When he thrust open the door of his daughter's room, with a violence that sent echoes through the house, his face was as stern and almost as white as a Maine winter. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Newsome! If any daughter of Wakely Peters thought for half a minute she was going to bring a preacher into this house. . . .

He strode into the room with his hands clenched and a storm of words on his tongue, as if he expected Peg and her husband to be there waiting for him. The emptiness of the room halted him. Confused, he stood glaring. The room was just as he had seen it last night—bed made, everything in order. All but one thing. The fishing rods were gone.

Behind him in the doorway, Martha said quietly, "Your hot cakes are getting cold."

Wake, suspicious, swung to face her. "Did you know Peg was fixing to bring
(Continued on page 53)



Almeda Adams and her "Seeing Mind"

By THOMAS M. JOHNSON

"COME, Meda, help wipe the dishes," Mother called. "Can't wipe dishes," piped five-year-old Almeda Adams. "I'm blind. I'll never have to work."

Mrs. Adams knelt before her small daughter, laying her hands upon the girl's shoulders. "Never say that again," she said earnestly. "You can see with your fingers and ears and mind. You are going to work all your life—beginning now. Wipe those dishes!"

Almeda wiped the dishes. At 82, slim, diminutive Almeda Adams still wipes dishes, in the immaculate three-room apartment in Cleveland, Ohio, where she lives alone. She does her own marketing, cooks her own meals, dusts, sweeps, makes her bed. More important, she has had an eminently successful career as music teacher, has brought music to thousands of men, women and children through training individual pupils and choral groups. She originated Cleveland's Music School Settlement for the underprivileged. She has lectured, written operettas, magazine articles and books. She has traveled widely by land, sea and air. Almeda Adams' eyes may have been blind since infancy; her mind has not been blind.

Lately Miss Adams heard on the radio a description of the Old Farms Military Convalescent Hospital at Avon, Conn., where blinded veterans are learning the same lessons of self-reliance that she learned and has practiced ever since she first wiped dishes. This inspired her to grant her first interview to news

reporters, to pass along not only to blind veterans but to the 20,000 or more civilians yearly who lose their sight through disease or accident the three guideposts which she has followed to a full and satisfying life.

Her first guidepost is this: "Don't lean on pity! Stand alone."

Miss Adams' devoted mother implanted in Almeda's mind the resolve to do her full share of the world's work. Her father, a country parson, earned \$300 a year plus donations—mostly castoffs and apple butter. To help out, Almeda used her only means, a good soprano voice: she sang solos, led choirs. She learned to play the organ. But when she tried to teach music she found she needed more instruction.

Boldly she decided to win a year's scholarship at the New England Conservatory of Music by securing 1,000 subscriptions to the *Ladies Home Journal*. Friends and newspapers in Cleveland helped swell her total to 2,500 subscriptions—more than enough for two wonderful, profitable years. Then she learned that the conservatory did not want to take a blind pupil. It was a terrific blow.

"You must take me," she wrote. "I am not helpless and I'll work hard."

They admitted her. Almeda was planning for a concert career when her mother broke her hip. Her father had already become hopelessly deaf. Foregoing her cherished ambition, the plucky girl secured the directorship of a choir.

(Continued on page 68)

ALMEDA ADAMS





"Hi, soldier! You don't mind if I go in along with you, do you?" said the girl.

ILLUSTRATED BY
KARL GODWIN

BY GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL

THE sky was dark and the wind was cold. There was slush on the pavements from a late snow. Paige Madison had gone out earlier that evening with high hopes, to get a job and establish himself in a new and successful life, now that the war was over. Nothing was really changed from the promises of the day before that had sent him questing to a great and influential man who had seemed so favorable, and willing. But there was an uneasiness within him since the evening's interview—an uneasiness he could not quite analyze.

Paige had never thought of himself as a discerning reader of character, yet in spite of himself, as he trod the midnight slush the faces of those men with whom he had spent the evening came out and were pictured vividly against the blackness of the night. There was Harris Chalmers, the

president, smug in an all-but-elderly dignity, beaming with affable content, well-pleased with himself and all he had done, glad to extend a helping hand to a young man just returning from distant, dangerous warfare in which his own part had been merely financial. There was Mr. Chalmers' personal lawyer, Dawson Sharp, keen and cold and missing no point that he was so well paid to keep before the minds of these other crooks—for crooks they all seemed to him now.

Paige opened the door silently and stole through the hall as quietly as possible, but his caution was useless. There stood his mother in the living-room doorway.

"You—got the job?" she asked, eagerly.

"Why, sure, I told you I was going to get it, didn't I?" He tried to grin and swagger as he used to do when he was a little boy and came to tell her of some trifling achieve-

e Two Ways Met

ment in school or athletics, but still she stood there looking doubtful.

"Then—what is the matter, son?"

He was silent a long time, though his fingers pressed hers tenderly and a light of warm love grew in his eyes. "Well, Mother," he said at last, "I don't know as it's anything. I guess I'm just a bit gooty. But somehow Chalmers and his men seemed so slick and self-satisfied. I just couldn't quite seem to trust 'em the way I trust my own folks."

"Well," said the mother thoughtfully, "they are businessmen and they were in a business session. Mr. Chalmers is supposed to be a very godly man. At least he's very active in church affairs, and gives generously to missions."

"I know, moms! I told myself that, but somehow, watching him tonight, I wondered."

"But, son, what was it you saw, or heard, that gave you this uneasiness?"

"Nothing, moms. I guess I was just tired. I'll get a good sleep and then things will probably look all right to me. But they were really swell to me, offered me more than I expected. I'm to go down tomorrow for a conference and get my bearings on things. My job begins next week, so I'll have time to get the right clothes."

She stooped and gently kissed him, and then they parted for the night.

Paige Madison slept late the next morning, after all the excitement of the evening before. He enjoyed the restfulness of being at home again and not having to hurry unduly.

He took great care with his dressing, putting on his best uniform, with every button bright and every ribbon in place. In a very few days now he would be done with uniforms and into civilian clothes, but he realized that the uniform counted for something just now, his first day in his new job. It would mean something to his fellow workmen, to his employers, to the officials about the place. It gave him a bit of prestige, timely interest, a certain standing to start out with.

His mother too looked proudly at him as he came downstairs, and motioned him to the late breakfast she had prepared for him.

"What's new, moms?" he asked as he drained the orange juice and put down the glass. "You know, I've hardly had time to ask you any questions since I got home, what with all this to-do about hunting a job. By the way, your old minister passed away, didn't he? I suppose you'll miss him a lot."

"Oh, yes," said the mother with a tender little smile, "but he was ready to go. He really wanted to go after his wife died. And he had suffered a lot. He was sick for the last ten months. But we've got a new minister now."

"Young man?"

"No, not so young," said the mother, "I should say he was about forty-five or eight. He has a son in the service, not yet returned, and daughter, a very sweet girl. You know they are living just across on the next corner in that little new stone bungalow."

"Well, moms, I'm off. Do I look okay? I don't want anyone to turn me down because I didn't look nifty enough."

The mother smiled admiringly. "You're all right, Paige, my lad. And I'm praying that all will go well with you."

Paige smiled. "Thanks, Mother, I'm sure it will then."

With a gay flinging on of his service cap he hurried away. As he passed the next corner he caught sight of a young girl sweeping the porch of the new stone cottage, and he wondered if she could be the minister's daughter. She was pretty, anyway, he thought. She had golden hair, and wore a blue dress with a white apron.

But he wasn't interested in girls now. He was interested in jobs, and if this job he had secured last night didn't turn out to be the right one, he must hunt for another that was definitely the right one, without any question, even if the salary weren't half so large.

Then he signalled a bus, swung into a seat, and thought no more about it. At the next stop a paper boy stood offering his wares. Paige bought a paper and absorbed himself in the news, and in just no time at all, it seemed, he was downtown at his destination.

As he turned into the big office building he noticed a handsome car draw up before the entrance. A gaily dressed girl got out. She spoke a word of direction to her chauffeur, and turned toward the office building. He gave only a casual glance and strode toward the elevator. He did not even notice which way she went. It was the hour that Mr. Chalmers had set for his arrival at the office, and with long strides he went down the corridor to the door that bore the magic name "HARRIS CHALMERS."

He tapped on the door, and in answer to the response from within stepped inside and closed the door behind him, entirely unaware of the clicking heels that followed him down to the door.

The girl barged into the office just after him, noisily, as one who had a right, and addressed the secretary. "Hi, Jane, is dad here yet?"

"Yes, Miss Chalmers," answered the girl coldly. "He just came in, but he gave instructions that he is not to be disturbed. He is expecting someone for conference."

"Oh, really? Well, that doesn't mean me."

The dignified secretary controlled the angry flush that started to her cheeks and turned her attention to Paige, who handed her the card of identification

Enjoy this popular author's last novel, completed just before her recent untimely death . . . an idyll of young love in the post-war world

PART ONE



She had golden hair . . . wore a blue dress

that Mr. Chalmers had given him the night before.

"Yes, Lieutenant," she said quickly. "Will you step right into the next room. You are expected."

She turned and opened a door just behind her desk. Quickly the other girl stepped up beside Paige. "Hi, soldier! You don't mind if I go in along with you, do you?"

Paige Madison looked down at her with hesitation. "That's not for me to say," he said calmly.

Then the door opened and Harris Chalmers, quiet, self-assured, greeted him with friendly hand outstretched.

"I see you're on time, Lieutenant," he said cordially. "Come into my inner office and we can get right down to work on the details of which we spoke briefly last night."

PAIGE followed into the luxuriously appointed office beyond. He had scarcely sat down when the girl he had left in the outer room breezed in.

"Hi, dad!" she called.

Chalmers turned with an annoyed look and frowned at her: "Reva! How did you get in here? I thought I gave special instructions to Miss Dalworth that no one was to be admitted here until my morning conferences were over."

"Oh, you did, dad! But you don't think I would stop for that, do you? Besides, dad, it's important. You see, I went to the bank this morning to cash a check I needed at once, and Mr. Reyburn, the cashier, was very stuffy about it. He said I had already overdrawn my allowance for this month and he had no authority, without a word from you, to let me have any more. You see, dad, this is a debt of honor, and I simply *must* pay it at once."

Impatiently Chalmers reached out and took the check she handed him, sat down at his desk, signed his name and handed it to her.

"Now clear out and don't bother me again this morning."

"But aren't you going to introduce me to your soldier boy?" pouted the girl, as she turned unexpectedly toward Paige Madison.

"Why, yes," he said impatiently, "of course. This is my daughter, Reva, Lieutenant Madison. And Reva, Mr. Madison is going to be our new assistant."

The girl turned and gave Paige a prolonged stare. "Oh, *yes?*" she drawled. "I didn't realize you were somebody important. Well, so long, dad. See you tonight—and thanks for the check."

She walked noisily across the room and slammed out the door, and her father, apparently embarrassed, turned to rummage in a drawer of his desk.

STRANGE IMPERATIVE

By

The Country Preacher

At rare intervals in my ministry a mystic sense of divine imperative has been inescapable until I have obeyed its voice. I learned its reality through a great shock of disobedience. Eighteen years old, timid at making calls, I preached in the schoolhouse at South Barre, Vermont, while I was a student in Montpelier Seminary. One Saturday I had my first experience of the strange imperative—an overwhelming impression that I ought to visit a Mrs. Wark. Yet in my shyness I waited, promising the Lord that I would do this the next time I came to South Barre. But the next week as I was walking into the village, a young man said to me, "Have you heard the news? Mrs. Wark died last night."

Years later, in the Old Brick Manse at Plainfield, I was in jubilant preparations for my first visit to the ocean. Nothing was more out of my thoughts than anyone in my parish. Then suddenly the image of Joe Bailey took such utter possession of my being that I left everything and went to his home. I found him dying and knowing it, repenting and wishing to give his soul to the Savior. I baptized him. He died in peace.

On the platform of a state normal school, I was about to be introduced for the commencement address. The theme was "History Gone Crazy" and began with the description of a particular insane asylum. Suddenly I experienced a terrible dread of using that illustration, though quite happy about every other part of the address. I substituted another introduction. When the event was over, two graduates came to me. One said, "You were Mother's pastor when I was a baby." The other said, "Mother was your schoolmate." I asked their names. Both those mothers at that moment were inmates in the asylum I was thus forbidden to mention!

But what of the ten thousand turnings in the road where there is no illumination from the "world of light"? This, beloved: There are no accidents in the guidance of God. I accept every circumstance which constrains me as being the expression of His most Holy Will. The ways I have no choice but to take are the ways He has chosen for me.

—ARTHUR W. HEWITT

"Young people are unpredictable these days, I find," he sighed with an apologetic tone. "And now, shall we get to work? Here is a list of some matters that will give you a general survey of what I am expecting of you."

Paige Madison settled down to study it and to listen to the instructions of his mentor, trying meanwhile to rid himself of a feeling of distrust for this man. What was it that gave him that impression?

And in between, his thoughts reverted to the daughter. Was she a sample of what the girls had become while their brothers were off fighting? If so, he wanted none of them.

Then his mind jerked back to the phraseology of some of the papers given him to consider and sign. There were tricky sentences here and there that he wanted to consider further before signing, and he noted down their phrasing and location.

Cautiously he went through the list, not hurrying. If there was anything phony in all this, now was the time to discover it and to bring it out into the open before he was committed to anything.

"**W**ELL?" said Chalmers at last, with a shade of impatience.

Paige lifted troubled eyes. "Perhaps I am not used enough to such phraseology to quite understand its import. But do I understand that there is no leeway given a man who fails in a payment at the required date, except the regular three months? Take, for example, a man who has always been honorable in all his business dealings, and does not take ventures he cannot reasonably expect to fulfill. Just suppose such a man were taken suddenly very ill, with a long tedious recovery which might take all his available funds. Do I understand that there would be no provision for him to catch up and recover his property when his health was restored? Would he lose at a blow all he had already paid?"

"Oh, of course—in such a case—if there were hope of his getting back his earning ability, an exception *might* be made in his case," answered Chalmers. "But, you understand, one has to be very clear in these statements, and not leave any loopholes for an easy-going man to slip out of paying. However, if you object to qualifying the statement just make a note of that and I'll see that it is changed."

"And here again," went on Paige, "in the fourth paper there is a questionable sentence. I would not like to attempt to try to sell something to a man in the face of that third sentence."

Mr. Chalmers bent frowning over the paper, and read the sentence carefully.

(Continued on page 63)

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HERALD

JUNE 1947



The Greatest Story

BY DECATUR RIGGS

ILLUSTRATOR: CHARLES ZINGARO

IF ANYONE had suggested, six months ago, that the Bible could compete with Jack Benny, Fred Allen and Charlie McCarthy for America's ear on Sunday night, he'd have been laughed out of radio. But that's exactly what has happened. There is a new radio program on the air Sundays at 6:30, called "The Greatest Story Ever Told," and thereby hangs one of the most unbelievable stories in modern broadcasting.

CHRISTIAN HERALD got an invitation to sit in on the first preview of this "show," and at first we didn't take it very seriously. Preview invitations are a dime a dozen around this office. Then someone called up and said that we'd miss something if we didn't go; they were actually going to put the voice of Jesus Christ on the air! We wondered—and went.

Putting that voice on the air is dangerous business; it just naturally seems irreverent, somehow blasphemous, even before you hear it. This was the first time radio had tried it, and we sat there with all ten fingers crossed, waiting for

the thing to start. It started slowly, like a choir singing the introduction to a long anthem. There was music worthy of a great cathedral; there was a mellow, heartwarming reverence in the voices of the men and women who told the story of the Good Samaritan that made us feel a little easier, a little less tense. When the voice of Jesus came, it did not shock; it was modulated, sincere, as resonately of the soul as a prayer. We forgot we were sitting in the big easychairs of Radio City; we thought we were in church. And it's hard to believe now, but we got the impression that Jesus Christ was right there, in the room. That's about as high praise as any radio program could ever get.

Evidently, some hundreds of thousands of other Americans have gotten the same impression, across the last twenty-six weeks; the mail that has been reaching the sponsors has made even the critics wonder. The critics have been wondering out loud, in the leading magazines and newspapers all over the country. The radio critic of



Who Asked Whom?

A "RATE YOURSELF" BIBLE QUIZ

HERE are twenty questions taken from the Bible, ten being from the Old Testament and ten from the New. Blanks in some of the quoted questions indicate the name of the person addressed. In consulting the Scripture references giving the answers, note that not all the references contain the names of both persons concerned, so in order to find both names it will sometimes be necessary to read back a few verses.

Answers on page 62

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. "Whence comest thou?" | 11. "When shall these things be?" |
| 2. "Where art thou?" | 12. "Did not our heart burn within us?" |
| 3. "What is that to thee?" | 13. "Whom have I defrauded?" |
| 4. "What doest thou here,——?" | 14. "What is thy name?" |
| 5. "——, what wilt thou have me to do?" | 15. "Doeest thou well to be angry?" |
| 6. "Whose is this image and superscription?" | 16. "What must I do to be saved?" |
| 7. "What shall we drink?" | 17. "What is in thine hand?" |
| 8. "How old art thou?" | 18. "——, ——, why persecutest thou me?" |
| 9. "Understandest thou what thou readest?" | 19. "What is thy petition, ——?" |
| 10. "What have they seen in thine house?" | 20. "Tell me, art thou a Roman?" |

—MARY J. GALBRAITH

the *New York Times* calls it "one of the most significant ethereal achievements in recent years"; he suggests the program be considered for the mythical Peabody Award. Blasé *Variety*, bible of the theatrical profession, says it is "a gesture that well-nigh stands alone . . . superlative radio!" Un-churchy *Printer's Ink* enthuses that "it is free from all the objections that have been leveled recently at radio shows," and that in itself borders on the miraculous. Jews, Catholics and Protestants have deserted other Sunday night features to listen to this simple re-telling of the story of Jesus Christ; liberals and conservatives, churchmen and folks who haven't seen the inside of a church for twenty years are cheering for it. When we understand the tremendous differences that exist in modern religious life, when we take into account the thousand-and-one schools of thought and theology that cry for attention in America, we almost come to believe that nothing save divine intervention could bridge the gap and offer common ground to all. But the bridge has come.

Wondering what inspired all this,

CHRISTIAN HERALD went to the sponsors—to the chairman of the board of the Goodyear Rubber Company. It may even be that you don't know Goodyear is responsible for this; unless you listen very closely at the start and finish of the program, you'll miss mention of their name. That's deliberate—and revolutionary, in radio. The sponsor is trying his best to stay in the background; if it were not for the regulation laid down by the Federal Communications Commission, Goodyear probably wouldn't be mentioned at all. In a day when 99 out of every hundred of us are weary to the point of rebellion at the long, intrusive and often insipid "commercial," we find a program with no commercial at all. Why? We asked Mr. P. W. Litchfield, president of Goodyear, "Why?" He was the most reticent "victim" we have ever interviewed. He wanted only one thing out of this interview: he wanted to be left completely out of the picture. But he did say:

"We sponsored 'The Greatest Story Ever Told' because we thought it was time something like this was done on the radio. We didn't do it to sell tires.

We did not want to commercialize this Story. But we did believe that the lessons taught by the Prince of Peace should become more a part of our thinking and action than has been the case in recent years. One Person two thousand years ago, confined to a radius of eighty miles during His lifetime, traveling on foot or on the back of a domestic animal, reaching only those within the sound of His voice, left such an impression on the hearts of mankind throughout the world and over the centuries that we thought it would be a worthwhile contribution to society if this same lesson could be brought, through the power of modern radio, to a worldwide audience who, in such times as these, are so much in need of it."

He was quite definite about the trend of these times:

"I don't have to tell you that there is a wave of materialism sweeping this country. Too many of us are living by the ancient 'Every man for himself' philosophy. That's true not just in business and industry, but in politics, in race relations, even in some religion. That trend is bad; you just can't build a decent society or an intelligent economic order on such thinking as that. We believe it is time more emphasis was laid on the only sure antidote: the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man. There is great common ground in that, for all of us. We also believe that in the New Testament lies the only cure for another and perhaps even greater threat. I mean Communism. There is a violent, atheistic threat here that is as subtle as hidden poison. When Communism meets the Gospel, it meets something it can't handle."

When you listen to the broadcast, you realize how completely those who put it on have respected the motives of the sponsor. This is one of the most carefully prepared scripts in all radio; it is supervised by none less of a figure than Fulton Oursler, senior editor of *Reader's Digest* and nationally known over the air-waves. Oursler insists that the scripts be in the language of 1947, and as it comes out of your loudspeaker it is a language colloquialized but dignified, from the beginning to the end, and in consummate good taste. We can't see anyone taking offense at it.

CHRISTIAN HERALD greets "The Greatest Story Ever Told" as a radio revolution. It can accomplish much. It can put ideas in the heads of those researchers who spend money like water trying to find out "what the people want." It is good news for those interested in tolerance and understanding between all peoples. It is great grit for the mills of those seeking that unity for which mankind has shed oceans of blood to find.

If you haven't listened yet—you'd better. History is being made!



See These Banners Go!

CHRISTIAN HERALD has an annual headache in this Report on Church Membership, but all in all it usually turns out to be an enjoyable headache, if such a thing be possible. We enjoy it because it offers us a chance at an annual "scoop"—this is the only report on a national scale for the churches of this country. The headache comes because church statistics can never be strictly up to date. Conferences and assemblies meet all year 'round, and we can't possibly wait for all of them.

The figures quoted here come from statisticians officially appointed by the various religious groups, so they are as authentic as is humanly possible. The churches or religious bodies reported are only those with memberships of 50,000 or over—54 denominations out of more than two hundred. But these 54 churches have on their rolls well over 80 percent of the total membership.

This year, there is a total Protestant gain of 1,534,787, and a total Roman Catholic gain of 434,453,—which means that the trend was not all in the direction of Catholicism, as we would gather from some newspaper accounts. Major Protestant gains were made by Seventh Day Adventists, Southern Baptists, the National Baptist Convention U.S.A. Inc., National Baptist Convention of America, Disciples, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, Presbyterian U.S.A. and Presbyterian U.S., and the Methodists. That Methodist figure will be the subject of some controversy, inasmuch as the bishops of that denomination are claiming a gain of one million members in their "Year of Evangelism" crusade. The million has not yet been officially recorded.

The enormous gain registered by the Evangelical-United Brethren Church calls for a word of explanation. This 271,622 increase is due to the merger of the Evangelical and United Brethren.

Note also that the names of two communions have been changed: the new Evangelical Lutheran Church was formerly the Norwegian Lutheran Church

of America, and the new American Zion Church was previously known as the African M. E. Zion Church.

We are still distressed over the still inadequate denominational machinery for reporting statistics. Notice that all but the Jewish Congregation and the

Roman Catholic Church, in the non-Protestant group, have the same figures as last year. The Church of Christ, Scientist, does not announce any new figures at all, from year to year. And no less than six groups are still reporting figures taken in the 1936 census!

MEMBERSHIP STATISTICS OF RELIGIOUS BODIES IN THE UNITED STATES

(Churches of 50,000 or More)

RELIGIOUS BODY	MEMBERS 1947	MEMBERS 1946
1. Seventh Day Adventists.....	208,030	201,035
2. Assemblies of God	241,782	241,782
3. Northern Baptist	1,592,349	1,565,400
4. Southern Baptist	6,079,305	5,667,926
5. Natl. Bapt. Conv., USA, Inc.	4,122,315	4,076,380
6. Natl. Bapt. Conv. of America	2,575,621	2,352,339
7. American Bapt. Assn.	115,022	115,022
8. Free Will Baptists	221,317	228,643
9. Natl. Bapt. Evan. Life & Soul Sav. Assm. of USA	70,843	70,843
10. Primitive Baptist	69,157	69,157
11. United Amer. Free Will Baptist	75,000	75,000
12. Church of the Brethren	182,497	181,087
13. Church of Christ, Scientist	268,915	268,915
14. Church of God	77,926	101,441
15. Church of God (Anderson, Ind.)	95,325	88,178
16. Church of God in Christ	300,000	300,000
17. Church of the Nazarene	201,487	190,620
18. Churches of Christ	309,551	309,551
19. Congregational Christian	1,140,824	1,113,930
20. Disciples of Christ	1,889,066	1,891,374
21. Evan. & Reformed	689,029	689,780
22. Federated	89,411	89,411
23. Relig. Soc. of Friends	113,465	113,638
24. Independ. Fund. Churches of Amer.	65,000	65,000
25. Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints	911,279	810,644
26. Reorgan. Ch. of Jesus Christ of Lat. Day Sts.	116,888	114,027
27. American Lutheran	601,839	584,499
28. Evan. Lutheran Augustana Synod of N.A.	396,999	487,266
29. Evan. Lutheran Church (formerly Norwegian)	661,355	620,907
30. Evan. Luth. Synod of Mo., Ohio & Other States	1,422,513	1,294,124
31. Evan. Luth. Jnt. Synod of Wisc. & Other States	259,087	259,087
32. United Lutheran Church in Amer.	1,748,183	1,719,821
33. Mennonite	52,596	51,611
34. African M. E.	868,735	868,735
35. American Zion Church (formerly African M.E. Zion)	489,244	489,244
36. Colored Meth. Episcopal	381,000	380,000
37. Methodist	8,430,146	8,083,767
38. Cumberland Presbyterian	75,427	70,567
39. Presbyterian, U.S.	596,037	580,665
40. Presbyterian, U.S.A.	2,174,530	2,104,443
41. United Presbyterian of N. A.	198,815	198,769
42. Protestant Episcopal	2,155,514	2,103,711
43. Christian Reformed	134,608	128,914
44. Reformed in America	176,244	173,975
45. Salvation Army	205,881	206,412
46. Amer. Unitarian Assoc.	74,789	61,948
47. Evan. United Brethren*	705,102	433,480
TOTAL PROTESTANT	43,635,058	42,100,271
48. Roman Catholic	24,402,124	23,963,671
49. Polish Natl. Catholic	250,000	250,000
50. Greek Orthodox	276,000	275,000
51. Russian Orthodox	300,000	300,000
52. Jewish Congregations	4,641,000	4,641,200
53. Buddhist of America	70,000	70,000
54. Internatl. Genl. Assem. of Spiritualists	100,000	100,000
TOTAL REPORTED	73,673,182	71,700,142

* Union of Evangelical Church
and Church of United Brethren in Christ (Nov. 1946)

Clear Heads Choose WHAT?



Can the way of self-indulgence compete with the self-disciplined way of responsible religion? Clear heads choose what? Not a widely advertised brand of whiskey, says preacher-author Clausen

IT IS always a delight to drive across rural America, where the skyline of each town is dominated by the church steeple and the finest building in each community is either a place for education or a place for worship. As you approach the typical village, the first thing you see is the reaching spire, and the last thing you notice—if you look back—is that finger of faith pointing upward into God's sky.

But it is not so in cities. Downtown the churches are completely overshadowed by business blocks. Old Trinity Church in New York seems to huddle with its graveyard beneath the shoulders of Wall Street. St. Patrick's on New York's Fifth Avenue looks like a dwarf beside the heights of Rockefeller Center. The church where I preach in Cleveland is hidden by the mighty Keith Building and the modern department stores which are beginning to surround us.

Such churches as ours cannot depend on the advantages of visual impressiveness. If we are to attract any attention at all from the passerby, it cannot be by sight, but only by sound and by the witness of devoted lives. Chimes can ring out from our towers, and the city skyscrapers will catch the melodies and send back the echoes. But the best testimony comes from the deeds and words of our members. What do the people of the church—its pastor, its congregation—do in the life of the city? What kind of spirit do they display toward the slums, the quarrels, the

destitution, the tensions of their neighborhoods?

Seldom does a congregation, even if overwhelmed, find itself more confidently challenged by its foes than we have been. Within thirty feet of our church entrance a bar has been opened for business, and no protest has been sufficient to disturb the confident discretion of the State Liquor Board. At almost the same time, high up in the sky above our tower, there has been erected a giant electric signboard, blatant by day, bright by night, flaunting a daring message which defies us. As strangers who inquire are told that our sanctuary is "the one near the big sign," these are the words most frequently remembered, for these are the words which the sign displays: "Clear Heads Choose Calvert." And Calvert, as not all my readers are expected to know, is a trade name for a whiskey.

Now I do not want to waste much time commenting on the relative value of the claims made by competing brands of liquor. The sellers may insist that men of distinction will drink only Lord Calvert, but similar advertisements proclaim that men of marked merit turn to Schenley. Surely admirers of full-color ads in magazines would respond to the beauty of the Four Roses pictures. The extravagant claims cancel each other out.

I am more interested in what happens to the "clear heads," if any, which do choose Calvert. About this, we need be in no doubt. There are scientific

tests which seem to have established how serious is the loss in visual reaction, in the power of memorizing poetry, in mental arithmetic, in precise reasoning, and even in muscular strength, once one has yielded to the line of the braggart ads.

But I do take issue with the whole claim of the liquor-sellers' propaganda. Does intoxication have a reasonable appeal to intelligent people? Can this way of self-indulgence compete with the self-disciplined way of responsible religion?

In answer to such questions, I am willing to examine the evidence at any level of human experience. Even among the ranks of genius, the story is a tragic one. The literary hero of my high-school generation was Jack London, who wrote "The Call of the Wild." Magnificent in physique, compassionate in understanding, masterly in his use of the English language, Jack London seemed marked for a truly great career; we watched him drink himself into despair and ruin. People said of Edwin Booth, the great Shakespearean actor, that he was incapable of a moment's mental concentration after one drink. With a sigh of regret, friends turned away from Edgar Allan Poe, the marvelous American poet and short-story writer, saying, "For him to take one drink was like hitting a fine Swiss watch with a hatchet." Upton Sinclair, after watching his father ruin his life by drink, and noting the disasters in the artistic careers of his own generation, said, "Alcohol is the greatest trap life has set for the feet of genius."

At the highest level of human achievement and promise, clear heads choose *what*? Not Calvert!

AND DOWN among the common men, where we live, what is the evidence? Have you seen "The Lost Week-end" or the March of Time's short called "Problem Drinkers"? Then you know the tragedy of the man who cannot "take it." With all our gains in scientific treatment—through Alcoholics Anonymous and shock therapeutics—we have not learned how to label in advance the thousands of men and women to whom the first drink presents grave risk of years of drunkenness. You cannot tell about yourself until it is too late.

By
BERNARD C. CLAUSEN

ILLUSTRATOR
STANLEY BATE

Under these circumstances clear heads choose *what?* Not Calvert!

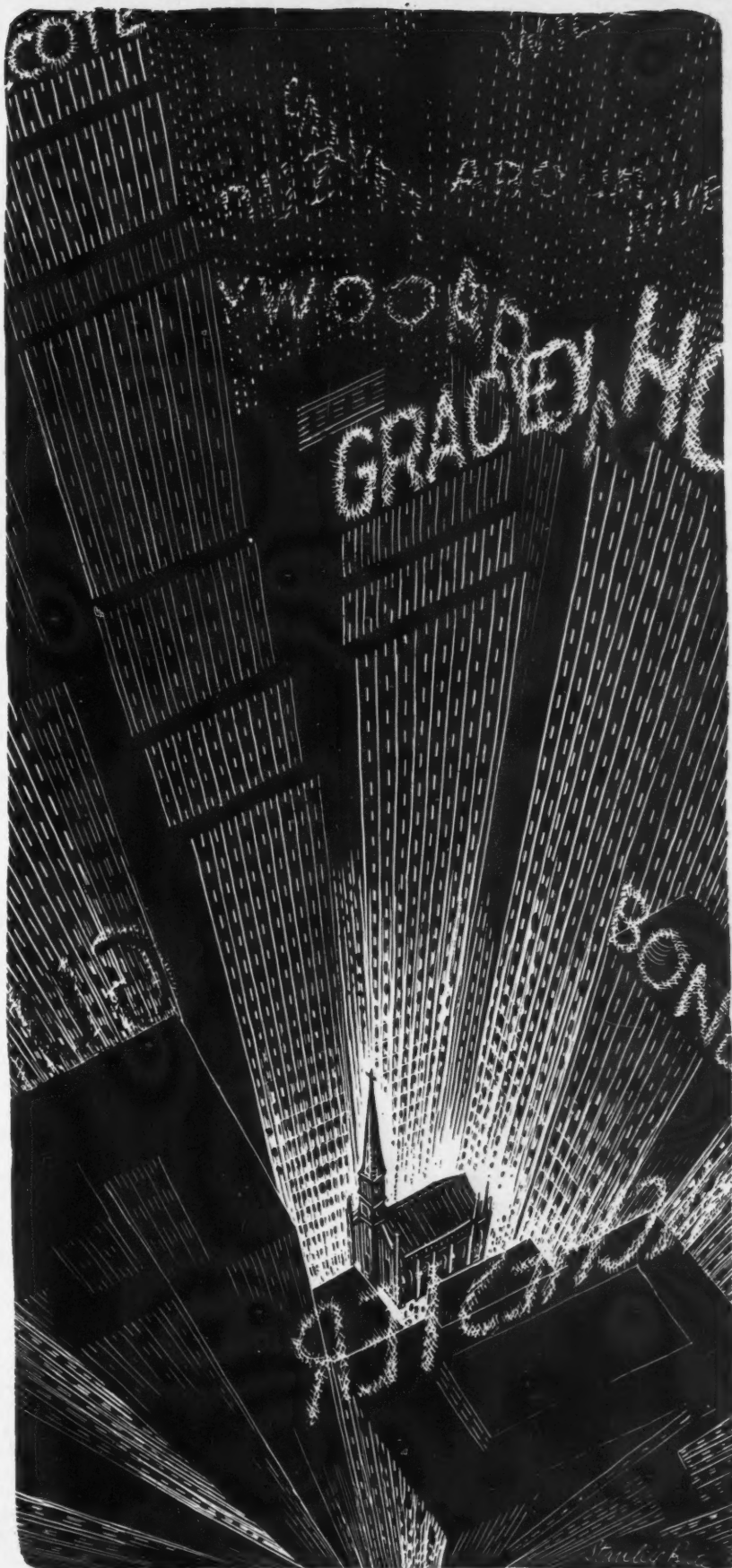
President Truman, at a recent National Safety Conference, spoke of highway deaths as being more numerous than war fatalities. He lashed out against "nuts, morons and crazy people" who persist in driving high-powered cars. Why did he not dare to say what he must have known, that the great killer is the drunken driver, whose skills and perceptions are blunted by the very dose that gives him boastful confidence? The drunken driver feels that he is a better driver than ever, capable of squeezing through more difficult traffic problems, but he has lost the faculties that justify such driving. If locomotive engineers must be sober to be trusted with swift trains at night, if airplane pilots need all their clear senses alert to carry us through the skies, then on the boulevards of America, swarming with swift vehicles that plunge with the power of death, clear heads choose *what?* Not Calvert!

THIS IS still a starving world. War-born need is tightening its pinch upon women and children. The international agency which was attempting to allocate supplies according to the terror of hunger has now been abandoned. The harvests of last year's crops are sparse and unevenly distributed. Here in America, with more than enough for comfortable survival, we add to our over-indulgence in extravagant food the shame of millions of bushels of grain diverted for intoxicating drinks. Over our consciences, the Federal Council of Churches cries out: "Stop this manufacture of alcoholic beverages, at least till the crisis of want is over, since these drinks consume vast quantities of cereals!"

Knowing what happens to the morals and ideals of people who go long periods with insufficient food, clear heads choose *what?* Not Calvert!

But the chief argument can be derived from the terrible importance of these days for the future of the world. Decisions now being made will mould the life of oncoming generations. Quarrels between working men and owners, race tensions in our crowded cities, misunderstandings between nations still

(Continued on page 69)



Pattern for a Heart

BY LOULA GRACE ERDMAN

PHIL ANDREWS came riding over to tell Rachel Trent the plans for Hilda and Jess Willard's charivari. He wore no hat, and his sleeves were rolled up well over his bare arms, showing the swell of muscles, like steel under velvet. Even as he talked to her, his eyes had a far-seeing look, as if he were able to see far beyond the hills that hugged the farms of all their neighbors and kin.

Aunt Mittie was making soap that morning and had put Rachel to stirring it. The girl was pushing the paddle back and forth through the boiling mixture in the great kettle, watching it carefully to see that it did not burn, but thinking mostly of the crops and weather and things which lay closest to the hearts of those she knew.

She said, "Hello, Phil," at seeing him, but she did not stop the movement of the paddle. When you had been brought up by Aunt Mittie, you learned early not to stop stirring things that needed it.

Phil got down from his horse and took the paddle from her. "We're charivaring Jess and Hilda this evening," he told her.

"How will Hilda feel about that?" Rachel asked uncertainly.

Town people were not used to charivaris. They laughed at them, and said they were ridiculous. They did not understand that unless people came and made a great deal of noise outside the houses of newlyweds, noises with bells and tin cans and even guns, the folks

out here would feel hurt and left out.

"She is marrying a farmer," Phil said, "and his ways will be hers. Jess would feel hurt if we didn't go. I'll be by for you about eight, if you like."

Rachel pushed her bonnet back off her head, so that it hung by the strings from her neck and formed a frame for her face. The heat had curled her hair and brought a flush to her usually pale face. Her eyes, grey with dark irises, looked enormous in her small face.

"That would be good of you," she said, watching with fascinated eyes the ease with which he pushed the paddle. "You are always so good to me, Phil."

Her words were a sort of apology, as if she had no right to this goodness of his. Aunt Mittie said a girl was a fool not to set more store by it. Maybe the old lady was right. Maybe she should be down on her knees praying God to forgive her for not reaching out and taking the man who offered all that goodness. Only, Aunt Mittie was so sharp-tongued you couldn't ever take what she said for sure truth. Rachel didn't blame her for being harsh, though. Nobody loved her but Rachel, and even that love, in spite of all the girl could do, was made up more of gratitude than of the warm impulses of the heart. Nobody had ever been kind to the old lady, like Phil was to Rachel.

Life was like that, Rachel thought. You couldn't take the heart of you and hand it to someone all wrapped up and tagged like a Christmas package. It went of itself, without your willing it, and when it did your feet followed, no matter where it led. So it must have been with Hilda who, though town-bred, was willing to leave it and follow Jess to his farm out here in the hills. "I think it's done," Phil said now. "Go tell your Aunt Mittie to come see for herself."

He stayed to help get the great black kettle off the fire, and then rode off smiling that quiet, slow smile of his. "Borrow Aunt Mittie's cow bell," he called back. "They make a good noise."

A GREAT MANY PEOPLE were already waiting at the road close to the Willard



She said, "Hello, Phil," at seeing him, but she did not stop the movement of the paddle. Aunt Mittie had taught her not to.



"Thought I heard a noise," Jess said. "Won't you folks come in?"

place before Rachel and Phil got there that evening; even the Finley sisters, who never went anywhere, and Miss Ellen Marberry whose tongue, Aunt Mittie said, was as long as a yardstick. Most of them were there because they were anxious to see what Jess' new wife looked like, and to learn, if possible, why she had been willing to leave the easy town ways to come out here to a life of boiling soap, making apple butter, and tending gardens and chickens.

QUIETLY the crowd advanced toward the house, waiting for the signal to begin the noise. Once it came there was a great clatter, enough to wake the dead. They beat on tin pans, blew whistles. Somebody fired a gun, and Rachel, along with several others, rang her cowbell until her arms ached. Soon the noise brought Jess and a small, dark woman to the door.

"Thought I heard a noise," Jess said. (Nobody had got the best of Jess Willard yet.) "Won't you folks come in?"

There was a great hustling and crowding to get in, and much embarrassed banter as he introduced the new wife. Plainly he was proud of her—of her small hands, her rich coloring, and the smooth town way she had of meeting people. She got them all inside easily, so that they felt as much at home as if she had been one of them always. Someone—probably Jess—had told her

what the custom was in such matters, for she had prepared refreshments against their coming. It sat now on the kitchen table, with white towels suggestively humped over it. She sent the men off to the parlor to talk, and captured the hearts of the women by taking them into the spare room to show them the wedding gifts.

There was a quilt on the bed, a medley of soft pastels set with small even stitches. The women went to it as to a lodestone, touching it with beauty-hungry fingers.

"It is the loveliest thing we've ever seen," they cried.

"It's a rose garden," Hilda told them. "I started it the morning after Jess proposed to me."

She said it easily, like town people can say things they think and feel. But she touched it with soft, loving fingers so that even Miss Ellen Marberry was still. To the last one of them, they knew that dreams too beautiful for speech were woven into its design. And at last they had the answer to why she had come to live with Jess on a hill farm.

It was when they joined the men in the parlor that Rachel first saw Lyle Parker. He stood alone, without look-

ing lonely. Taller he was than most men, and he held himself different. The way his shoulders set, you knew he had never hunched them forward following a plow. There was an easy, impudent grace about him, setting him apart from all the other men in the room.

"Who is he—" Rachel asked, knowing she should not let such eagerness creep into her voice, "—that man over there?"

Hilda's veiled glance flicked across Rachel's face, quick, so the girl could not tell what she was thinking.

"That's my cousin," she said, rather more formally than she had yet spoken. She motioned to the man, and he came quickly toward them.

RACHEL stood very still, watching him come, but across the hot and crowded room the heart of her flew to meet him. She had the strangest feeling—as if she were seeing far beyond the meeting, into the future, and she was a little frightened, like a small girl who has stumbled on her Christmas present before she was meant to.

"Rachel," Hilda was saying, "my cousin, Lyle Parker. Lyle, a neighbor of ours, Rachel Trent."

Lyle bowed, as none of the men Rachel knew could bow. His eyes were warm and bright, and his lips were smiling. "I suddenly see a bright summer ahead of me," he said.

Even his voice was different, easy

ILLUSTRATED BY

E. C. VAN SWEARINGEN

and assured, with laughter crinkling up the edges of it and etching fine lines around his brown eyes, the only feature of Hilda that was his. Rachel felt a great wish to dance and sing, to meet the gayness of his mood with laughter of her own. She restrained herself, conscious of the Finleys sitting on the edge of their chairs to watch her, and of Phil's quiet glance in her direction.

"So you are spending the summer?" she asked.

Silly for her heart to beat so. As if it mattered at all whether he stayed or not.

"If Jess can stand me. I'm working for him. I'm afraid he hasn't been looking forward to it too much. Neither was I, until just now."

For the rest of the evening, Rachel was conscious only of Lyle. Lyle dancing with her in the parlor from which furniture and rugs had been removed; Lyle bringing her a plate of sandwiches and cake; Lyle saying silly things so loud that anyone who was of a mind to listen could hear him.

"I'm your neighbor now. You know what a good girl's duty is toward her neighbor . . . Hilda begged this job for me from Jess because I've always been her favorite cousin. After this, she's mine, too . . . that Phil fellow you dance with, why didn't you have a premonition I'd be here, and leave him at home? . . . I suppose the local lads have already said how pretty you are—"

ON AND on he went, making Rachel laugh whether she wanted to or not. Really, she did not want to laugh, for she knew that each time she did it was like a knife twisting swift little jabs in Phil's heart. All the men, and the women too, who saw how she was acting were making sly remarks about it, and some were loud enough for Phil to hear. She had never encouraged Phil to think of her as his girl, yet she was sorry now that any act of hers should give him pain. Only there was something within her that was stronger than her, something that pushed her on into strange light ways that were none of her own.

"It's the way I always knew it would be," she told herself. "When the heart of you pushes you on, you go in spite of yourself."

Once Phil and Rachel were on the way home, she half expected him to take her to task for her actions. But he said nothing at all save to talk of Hilda and Jess. It was Rachel who first spoke Lyle's name.

"Hilda's cousin—he's nice, isn't he?" "Yes."

"He's spending the summer in the country, to get rested from his year at school."

"So I heard. Jess says he doesn't know much about the farm."

"He'll learn," Rachel said confidently.

"Sure," Phil agreed.

She must change the subject. Already she had made the evening difficult enough for Phil, causing him to be the laughing-stock of all their friends and neighbors.

"Jess and Hilda have pretty things, don't they?" she asked.

"Very," Phil said.

They lurched along the country road, silence between them like a wall. Always Phil was the silent one, yet never before had she felt anything but a quiet companionship in it. Now she felt the hurt of him at seeing her happiness so great it stood out all over her, like a sign. It was hard for him to know that another man had brought that happiness to her. She felt it was beautiful to be this happy—beautiful and frightening. Things that lovely couldn't last; they never did—flowers and sunsets and moonlight on the hills, and the bright, high surge of the heart. But Hilda and Jess were not frightened of their happiness. She said it aloud, to reassure herself.

"Hilda and Jess—they're happy."

"They love each other," Phil said simply.

The way he said it, the word took on new feeling. Almost it seemed as if it were given to Phil to know the meaning of it more deeply and completely

than did most people. She kept remembering it, even after she was at home in bed.

The happenings of the evening marched through her mind like a pageant. In her heart she knew a strange aching beauty, a thing so deep, yet so fragile, that she scarcely let her mind dwell upon it. She remembered Hilda and the quilt.

"It was beautiful," she thought. "I think I'll start one like it, in the morning."

FROM THE first, she could not think of the quilt apart from Lyle, for there was not a block into which she had not sewed her dreams, secret and shy, of him. The first day as she sat sewing on it, out on the porch with quantities of vari-colored scraps about her and the breeze ruffling her bright hair, she looked up to see him standing before her. He wore the same sort of work clothes any of the farm men might wear, yet there was no look of farmer about him.

"Hello," he said. "I've come for a drink."

She got up quickly to get it for him, scattering the bright pieces over the floor. He picked them up to hand to her.

"It's a quilt," she told him breathlessly, wondering if he could possibly see back of her reason for making it. "A rose-garden quilt, like Hilda's."

"You look like a rose to me," he said, laughing.

She handed him a glass of water, cold from the deep bottom of the well.

"For a while I'm working close to your place," he told her, "and I require a lot of water!"

Rachel's days began to take on new meaning. The fact that Lyle might come at any time lent magic to the humblest task—baking cookies, washing dishes, peeling potatoes. Each morning she awakened to the refrain, "Perhaps I'll see him today!"

New rich tones came into her voice. There was forever about her a bright expectant look, so that Aunt Mittie watched her with veiled curiosity and unusual softness in her sharp voice. Phil watched her with no curiosity. He knew.

Rachel, hugging her bright new happiness to her heart, felt a yearning pity for Phil. It was hard for him to know that it was thoughts of Lyle that were filling her heart with such poignant beauty that it must spill over into her face, betraying her secret as plainly as if she had shouted it from the house-tops.

By mid-July the quilt was half finished. No simple piece of patchwork it was, but a dream, glowing, lovely, almost unreal in its delicate beauty.

(Continued on page 58)



The women touched the quilt with beauty-hungry fingers. "It's the loveliest thing we've ever seen," they said.

Tea Time CHAT



We Did It Then—Why Not NOW?

By MARTHA TODD

RUMMAGING through my files the other day I ran across an interesting letter. It was written almost two years ago. In it a reader, with justifiable pride, described a canteen organized during the war in a little Western town located on the Union Pacific Railroad. The town was unusual only in that it was an eight-minute stop for passing troop trains.

One day at the very beginning of the war, the writer explained, a small group of local people took some cookies, candy and fruit down to the station. There they handed out the homemade goodies to the boys en route to training camps. The gratitude of the servicemen was more than ample reward for the effort.

The idea caught on quickly. More and more local people volunteered to help. The railroad authorities joined in by turning over to the group the station's large dining room, which had been closed.

The spirit spread beyond the local neighborhood. Soon communities from as far as ninety miles away were asking to help. A schedule was worked out. Each group would come in for one day with food, cash and supplies. The rivalry to see which group could "throw the best feed" for the boys became keen. And as many as 5,000 service-

men a day hopped off the trains and, even in the limited eight minutes, stowed away an incredible amount of food. One day 12,000 servicemen were served. In addition to refreshments, stacks of magazines were offered to those who wanted to take along a little reading material. Writing cards also were available.

Birthday cakes were baked by the dozens, for every serviceman whose visit to the canteen happened on his birthday was given a birthday cake to take along with him. Our writer listed the amazing amount of food which the people provided each day through this canteen service.

This was not a USO canteen, nor was it government-supported in any way. It just represented a wonderful spirit of giving on the part of the people in this area. It was something they enjoyed doing.

It may seem strange to talk about how this canteen, as well as canteens and organizations everywhere, cooperated so enthusiastically to provide our servicemen with a "touch of home" in towns and communities throughout the country during the war. Yet I can't help wondering what these groups are doing *now* to help young people.

It seems too bad that only in times of war—when we are under patriotic

pressure—do we really give. Of course, it is quite understandable that with our sons, brothers and sweethearts in uniform we have a very personal interest in doing whatever we can to help *all* sons, brothers and sweethearts. By so doing we indirectly help our own loved ones.

Yet, today, even though we are not under the grim fist of war, there is a need just as great—if not greater—to do things for the youth of our country; not only for boys away from home, but for boys and girls at home. Many ex-servicemen are quite ironical about the apparent lack of interest in their welfare since the war ended. I am not referring to those groups who lobby for bonuses and veteran benefits. It is far more than that. I mean those ex-G.I.'s who miss the friendliness and kindness with which they were treated when our country was at war.

Admittedly, the problem now is different. But our teen-agers and older young people are just as important in today's peacetime as they were in yesterday's wartime. They need the kindness and devotion of older people just as much in their own communities as they did when they were traveling in sections of the country strange to them.

If we can do so much willingly for our youngsters in wartime, why can't we do constructive things for them now? I keep thinking of the many communities in which there are no places for our young people to spend their leisure hours. Some of us cluck our tongues in deprecation and we "view with alarm" the recreational pastimes of our young people. We disapprove their tendencies to frequent dance halls, movies, pool halls, and the many other places which are of a questionable character. Yet we do so little towards providing any adequate substitute!

If canteens can perform such a desirable service in times of war, why not now? Civic-minded leaders could find suitable quarters in churches, vacant offices or municipal buildings for peacetime centers. These "canteens" could be devoted to a diversified program which would appeal to anyone.

I CAN think of one example which indicates the eager acceptance such a project would have. A friend of mine, a Marine, spent several months in a Navy hospital. One of the most vivid impressions he has is of the Red Cross "putter shack," which was three salvaged Quonset huts hastily linked together back of the hospital. Convalescing patients could go to the shack and work with their hands. There was always a "full house."

The Red Cross provided hand jigsaws, files, vises, sandpaper and scrap materials. From plexiglas, which they

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The Tulips Moved in First

BY MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

THIS is the story about how I found my new home. But it begins with tulips. Not tulips in the present, but a bowl of yellow tulips out of my past . . . my past nine years disappeared behind me.

It is a strange thing how something like a bowl of tulips can endure and last for years, alive and real, while so many other more substantial-seeming things fade and dissolve and disappear.

Perhaps that is one of the things the Bible means in the verse which says, "It is the Spirit that quickeneth. The flesh profiteth nothing." For these

tulips in my past were indeed an offering from the Spirit which far transcended and outlived much more durable things of the flesh. They found their immortality in my thinking; they go on living, as real today as they were on that morning back in 1938 when first I saw them.

You see, I had come to The Hague in Holland, to visit a wonderful woman. She had had a deep religious experience in which she became so alive aware of God that she turned her back upon all worldliness. She had given up a career as a concert artist, and had separated herself from her background which had

represented much materialism and luxury and frivolity, because she wanted only to serve God, and man through God.

She was living and working in near-poverty, at that time, in The Hague. But it was the chosen poverty of devoutness, which is as different from involuntary poverty as are the wheat and the tares. Though her little house appeared poor, she was living in simplicity and dignity and inner joy, with richness and understanding, and the luxury of service shining around her. She was infinitely wealthy in spirit.

When I arrived that morning on the maiden voyage of a great luxury liner, it was the first time I really understood what her new background represented, for I had never before seen her in this environment. But in the very absence of what we generally consider comfort, I immediately recognized her inner wealth, and in that moment I think I grasped a new scale of values. When I stepped into the bare but beautiful little "upper room" which she had prepared for my visit, I knew something of what Jesus meant by the "many mansions" in his Father's house. For in that small place there was a grace and goodness which space and opulence never could have given. On the table before a window, with sunlight literally shining from it, was a bowl of yellow tulips, and a few simple words of greeting written on a card.

I HAD found flowers in many rooms I had entered in my life. I had had flowers of many kinds sent to me, for various reasons. But never in my experience had there been flowers which meant to me what those yellow tulips expressed. They were the generosity of giving when giving means some chosen sacrifice . . . perhaps of food itself. They spoke the abundant, lavish richness of a heart which knows the unique amenity of spirituality because it has rejected the easier graces of the world.

In my own trunk I had brought gifts for this woman, chosen light-heartedly in New York before I sailed, amusing frivolous lingerie and perfume which I had fatuously pictured her "missing" now that she was living in different circumstances. But when I looked at the

"It's tulips from Holland!" said the postman. "What a wonderful gift that is!"



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ISABEL DAWSON

yellow tulips, I knew that none of my gifts would be good enough to give her. I did not give them. I left them in the trunk, and asked God to tell me what suitable gift I might offer instead. And as my visit went on, He did tell me, so that I learned a new vocabulary of giving.

During that visit with my friend, I learned many wonderful things, some which she told me with words, but more which I saw for myself from the shining wisdom of her daily acts. I brought home a heart stripped down of much falseness, and in the very window of that heart was set a bowl of yellow tulips which have never faded through the years.

Hundreds of times when there was a gift to be given, or a kindness to be offered, I have turned to that meaning in my heart, and have asked humbly to be directed into that same grace of giving and that same amenity of spirituality which I had glimpsed.

After Holland was liberated, and letters could come again, my friend wrote of the wonderful experiences she had enjoyed through her faith in God. I remember her first letter, after three years of silence, did not tell the usual personal happenings. Instead, the news she felt was important enough to write was of certain Bible passages which had sustained and protected.

"When the V-weapons passed over us, many came down around the village to which we had been evacuated. But none touched it, for we were hid in Isaiah 9, verses 5, 6, and 7. 'For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise . . . For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. . . The zeal of the Lord of Hosts will perform this.'"

The letter further explained how these prophetic promises in Isaiah had "hid" them. "Some bombs fell into the enemy's own lines, but all passed over us before they fell. Thus evil hath destroyed itself."

As soon as we could, we began sending bundles of food. When we did not know exactly what was needed, I closed my eyes and thought of the tulips and knew that the same Love, which had spoken to me so unforgettably in her gift, could express in the food we selected Love's genius for infinite suitability. And time after time her letters have said: "The very things we most needed were in your bundle . . . Leather for half-soleing our shoes—how did you know? Raisins which we have

not tasted for years . . . we sat down and ate them one by one like candy . . . A hot water bottle—such inspiration!"

Each time Love fitted the gift to their need, I have grown richer myself in gratitude for having touched the immortal law of giving.

Then, a few weeks ago, came a gift from her to us. A big box by overseas mail with tags and documents for me to sign. The postman who brought it was as delighted as I.

"Gosh, it's tulips from Holland!" he said. "What a wonderful gift for somebody to send!"

I opened the box and there they lay, a hundred bulbs from Holland, promising bowl after bowl of those same yellow tulips which had meant so much to me throughout the years. More, much more than flowers would grow from these, for they represented eternal giving "pressed down, shaken together, and running over" . . . and I knew the "running over" would bless hundreds of receivers without ending.

Then disappointment chilled me. I had no earth in which to plant these promises. For I was living in a rented apartment in a housing project where the gardening is done by experts, and no amateur, however enthusiastic and yearning, is allowed to drop so much as a single seed into the earth.

"I'll have to give them away," I said sadly to myself. "I'll have to find some friends who have a place for them in their gardens." A touch of sadness swept over me, because for the first time the genius of Love's way of giving had seemed to fail. For the first time in this inner story of giving, the gift had not fitted the need.

"I have no home of my own," I said to myself, and I felt poverty-stricken and deprived. Every time I looked at the box of bulbs sitting in my living room, all I saw was the forlorn fact that now I was a person who owned no earth of my own, no beloved house . . .

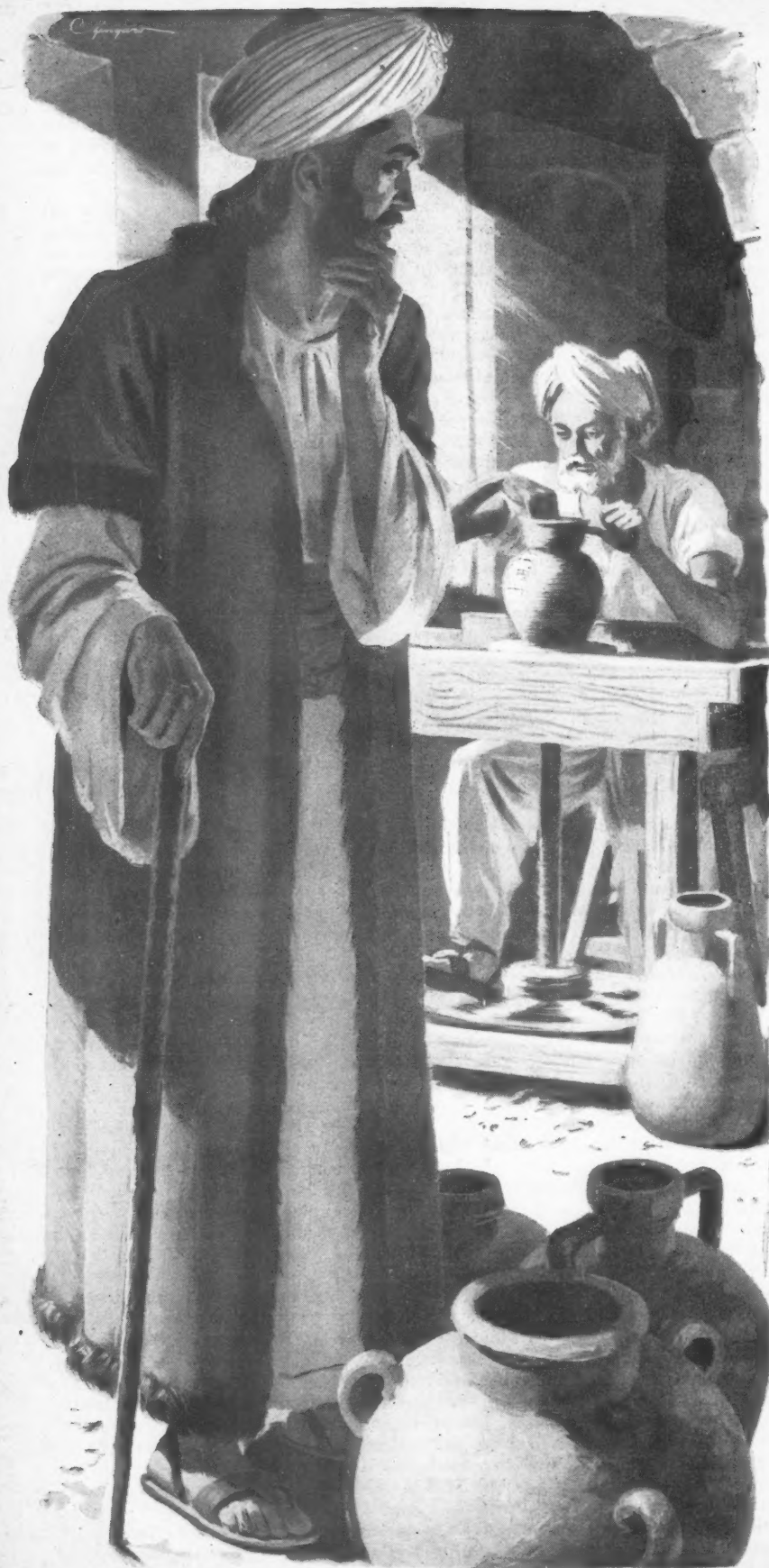
"I must give them away quickly, so that they can be planted," I reminded myself many times during the next few days. But the real reason I wanted to hurry and give them away was that the sight of them made me feel poor and homeless.

AND then an inner Voice said to me, "But why haven't you some earth of your own?"

"Why, because there's a housing shortage now . . . This is not the time to be looking for property. Later, perhaps . . ." I answered myself sensibly.

But from that moment on, every time I looked at the bulbs something stirred in me, and a gentle reasoning in me said: "Love sent that gift. Love makes no mistakes. If they came to you, you could have a right place to plant them."

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God

TRAVELING from Chicago to Washington last October, I found my seat in the observation car of the Capital Limited from the window of which I could survey the entire countryside through which we were passing. The sun was sinking towards the west and, beneath a cloudless sky, was flooding the landscape with its golden light.

Through the seemingly endless miles of Indiana, I could see the comfortable barns and farmhouses, the cattle grazing in the fields, and here and there a church spire lifting itself above the horizon—symbols of the wealth and beauty and hope of our land. That night involved the sky, the stars came out, and I slept to waken in the morning looking out upon almost identical scenes as we followed down the valley of the Potomac, past Harper's Ferry with its dramatic traditions leading up to the Civil War, on across the roaring rapids and on through more green fields and pasture lands with their herds and comfortable homes.

And I thought, "How green is my country! How fertile her fields! How rich her soil! How abundant her harvests, how exquisitely beautiful and peaceful her natural setting, and how fortunate her people"—until our train drew into our world's center of confusion and contradiction, with its tangled skein of competing counsels and pressure groups. Against the backdrop of these riches untold, as I have described them, the question presses irresistibly from the depths of the heart: What is it ails my country, our country that was once so politically, economically, socially and religiously green?

Many of us in our childhood shared the almost universal opinion that God in His providence had reserved our continent for the noble experiment in democracy that might set the pattern for the rest of the world. Lincoln's oft-repeated phrase, "This nation under God," was not just a literary flourish; it articulated a profound conviction in the hearts of our citizens that we were a chosen people. We were constantly reading in the story of Israel a parallel and a parable of our national destiny. The American Dream lay in the heart of God as His original design to bring freedom to mankind.

Today, however, there is a widespread feeling that we have failed to live up to God's expectations of us and to our opportunities. There was a time when we thought we knew where we

Does Not Give Up!

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were going and were on our way, but now we seem to have come up a dead-end street and are fumbling around in the dark, trying to find the way we have missed. After performing one of the most gigantic tasks in all history, and having achieved an absolutely clear-cut military victory, we have been powerless to capitalize upon those victories, have fallen to quarreling with ourselves, and are passing through a moral and spiritual slump that defies calculation.

Yet for all this indictment of our wasted gains, our selfishness, and our forgetfulness, I am not convinced that a whole people such as ours must rush down the steep place into the sea of self-destruction, like the Gadarene swine possessed of the devil. In spite of all the symptoms that are frightening us abroad and terrorizing us at home, we must never yield to the mood of despair which is spreading its paralysis throughout the land. As the post-war months and years creep slowly by, some of us are getting tired, and a spirit of frustration and hopelessness threatens to overwhelm us.

On every hand you hear such expressions as these: "What's the use of messing with the tricky Palestine problem? Why worry ourselves to death over what is going on behind the iron curtain? Let's stop talking about the displaced persons, for you can't do anything about them." But we must not give up hope; we must steel ourselves against such moods of despair by reminding ourselves of the amazing patience of God who was so often disappointed with man, but who never gave up hope for his redemption.

THE BIBLE is an amazingly frank book, and tells us again and again how God comes to the very verge of giving up the whole plan of redemption. "It repented God that He had made man." This is all dramatically illustrated in the parable of the Potter and the Clay. On one of his morning walks, Jeremiah stops by the house of the potter and watches him at his work, mixing the clay and seasoning it with a white, powdered sand, kneading it like putty and placing it on the wheel which was revolving in response to his pedal action. What is he going to make of it, wonders Jeremiah. What design is already taking shape in the man's mind to find its way out of his brain through his eyes, down the nerves of his arms to the ends of his strong supple fingers

as he molds and shapes the clay. Gradually the plastic mass takes form, and Jeremiah senses what is in the mind of the potter. But suddenly the potter stops his pedaling, picks up the vessel and examines it thoroughly, turning it this way and that as he hesitates whether to toss it aside because it has become marred. Then he puts it on the wheel again and fashions it after a new and altogether different design.

"That gives me an idea," says Jeremiah to himself. "That vessel is like my countrymen who have resisted God's purposes concerning Israel. How secular-minded they have become, how callous to the claims of God's house! They have struck a new low in religious and economic levels. What can God do about it now, since Israel has so thwart-

Sermon of the Month
by
Albert J. McCartney

ed His purposes? Will He reject His chosen people and cast Israel aside as a potter might fling a broken vessel on the heap?"

As he stood there thoughtfully watching the potter, Jeremiah found the answer: "O House of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter? saith the Lord. Behold, as the clay is in the hands of the potter, so are ye in my hands, O house of Israel." Jeremiah saw immediately this great truth of redemption, that when God cannot make of us what He would, He is still eager to try again and make of us what He can. The same passion to redeem and renew is in the heart of God as was in the heart of the potter.

Anyone who reads the newspapers or listens to the radio today must clearly sense the parallel that our times and our nation is furnishing to the parable of the Potter and the Clay. And anyone who looks deep into his own heart must also sense God's disappointment in him. One cannot read this parable without realizing how it rebukes us for having so failed the hopes of the divine Potter. But, on the other hand, we cannot read it without finding something of comfort and encouragement in it. The thing that rebukes us is this: As in the case of Israel, collectively or individually,

our own resistance to the will and plan of God, our own foolishness and moral carelessness and spiritual indolence, rise up to rebuke us. In our more thoughtful moments we can see plainly how we have allowed sin to mar the divine image in us, and we can see plainly the things that have prevented us from becoming what God intended us to be.

WHETHER we think of ourselves as individuals morally responsible to God, our creator, or whether we think of ourselves collectively as a nation, the terrible truth that smites us in the face is this: *We have somehow missed the road.* How much further along in Christian growth we might have been if we had more carefully heeded the counsels and the cautions of God, had we not been so willful, so absolute indifferent to the commandments of God! Remember, when we all complain about conditions as they are, we have only ourselves to blame as individuals and as a nation that we have broken down in the hands of God. It is this fact that administers its terrible rebuke.

But the Bible is a wonderful book and it always has a way out. It never shuts us up to eat out our hearts in utter despair. And there is something in this parable that offers us comfort and encouragement, for it contains the very core of the Gospel of Redemption. That is to say, when we have failed and disappointed God, He is patient and offers us another chance if we will only repent. God does not intend to be defeated in His plans for man's salvation. He will try again. He may not be able to make of us what He originally intended, for the vessel has now become so marred by sin, but out of the reserves of His divine ingenuity and abounding grace, the loving Father takes up this marred clay of ours and ponders over it until He sees something to be made of it within our limitations. He exclaims, "How can I give thee up, O Ephraim, how can I let thee go, O Menassah!"

In the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence is Michelangelo's colossal statue of David, a masterpiece of art which is to this day the inspiration and despair of aspiring sculptors. (I confess to a certain tragic paternal pride in its preservation, for it was my own bombardier son who led the mission for the bombing of the marshalling yards to prevent the southward movement of supplies by the Germans. Not a single bomb fell

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A Home for Miss Harriet

THERE ARE MANY LIKE HER, AND SHE IS ASKING: "WHERE . . . WHERE NOW?"

By STEPHEN ROE

WHEN we are young, the skies are blue; life is a song, a long song, and it seldom occurs to us that the song can ever have an end. But maturity comes like a thief in the night. Things happen. Clouds come out of nowhere to blot out the sun and give us shadows to walk in. There isn't much of anything we can do about it; we can't defend ourselves against the unexpected, for the simple reason that it is . . . unexpected.

Take the Kerr sisters, for instance. Just the other day I saw Miss Harriet Kerr, in her apartment at the Memorial Home Community. She was a little wasted wisp of a woman, as white as the pillows upon which she lay, waiting for the chariot to come. It seemed to all of us that she couldn't live another hour. The brave little heart fluttered desperately under the doctor's stethoscope. The mind was erratic; Miss Harriet talked coherently for a minute or so, then erratically, of scenes and people she had known years ago.

She had known many people and places in her lifetime; she was nearing

ninety. Her sister Isabel, who died last year at 85, had seen life with her, and the life they lived was mixed tragedy and triumph, in not exactly just proportions. But they never complained about it. They had been taught by their United Presbyterian parents that God was back of all life, so they took it as it came.

The father had been a prosperous furniture manufacturer; he was what is called "well-to-do," and the folks who knew him said he would leave the girls well off. There were three girls in that family; Harriet, Isabel and a crippled child whose name we could not get. Father Kerr was a man of considerable influence; he was generous with his employees, more than generous with his church. He was not the sort of man to give his alms on street-corners; he did quietly what he thought God would have him do, and left the rest in the Almighty's hand. He practiced on Monday what he professed on Sunday; he took God into his business; though God slay him, yet would this man have trusted Him.

Straight and true in the Christian way grew Harriet and Isabel, heirs of the faith of their father, coming up as children came then, through Sunday school and church. There was a family pew; and it was always filled. When the father retired from business, their future well assured by what they thought were good investments of their life savings, they moved to Rushville, Indiana. Then the clouds, which had seemed no larger than a man's hand, began to multiply and concentrate. Father Kerr became ill; the invalid sister became worse; the mother was old and infirm, and the whole care of the household fell upon the shoulders of Harriet and Isabel, who had never married. They were a great team; a loyalty was in them that is seldom seen even in sisters, and they were bound by a feminine Damon-and-Pythias love that laughed at obstacles.

THEN the investments began to go bad. Good businessman though he had been, Father Kerr could not possibly have foreseen this; he planned well, but not well enough. The little treasury dwindled; lines of worry began to appear on their faces. Isabel, the Martha of the two, decided that something must be done—and done quickly. She might have turned to business. Instead, she turned to her church, asked for work as a home missionary and got it. While Harriet stayed on at home to be with the parents as they neared the end of the sunset trail, Isabel went to work as a teacher at Knoxville College.

A year later, the home was completely broken; Miss Harriet, worn and tired by her long labor of love with the now deceased parents and little crippled sister, closed the home, packed her few belongings and went to join her sister at Knoxville. At least they were together again, though they never knew what black cloud would come with the next dawn. Harriet became librarian at Knoxville; Isabel taught—and went out occasionally to visit the colored folks in the mountain cabins around Knoxville.

Knoxville College, in case you don't know it, is a college for Negroes; it is a home missions project of the United Presbyterian Church. The students

At Eventide . . . Light

High noon's far past: Life's west'ring sun descends
And length'ning shadows fall athwart Life's ways;
Fond mem'ries crowd all modern trends,
For wistful are the thoughts of yesterdays.

Here ministers match wits with brother-men;
Here wives tell friends of distant mission lands—
Trained leaders all, who once with voice and pen
Led forth God's hosts, fulfilling Christ's commands.

Thus in this Home, amid Time's hallowing,
These loyal souls sip nectar of the years
Spent in the service of their Lord and King,
Breathe fragrance of old friendship's joys and tears.

Here then at eventide there shall be light . . .
'Till all have reached that Land where there's no night.

Memorial Home Community
Penney Farms, Florida

WALTER J. DEAN



there are not rich students; they need help. And their families need help.

The Misses Kerr, who should have been resting in their rocking chairs, did their best to help them. They took food and clothing into the hills; they helped little babies into the world and the aged out of it; they prayed and swept in the ramshackle cabins and they became almost a legend in the hills. Isabel never seemed to grow tired—but Harriet, the sickly one, did. The time came when they just couldn't go on.

What now? Their savings had dwindled; they did not have enough between them to live without working. Rents were high. They had entered the work of their church at too advanced an age to be eligible for pensions. It was one of those hours when folks with no faith give up. These two never thought of *that*; God had something for them, somewhere.

SOMEONE told them one day of a place down in Florida where Christian workers were provided for—if they could get in. No two women, together, had ever been admitted to that home; usually, the directors wanted only married couples. Miss Harriet wrote for particulars; was there any chance at all of being admitted? She waited for the answer to that letter; the days were

agony while she waited—and hoped.

The directors talked about it for quite some time; this was one of those unusual cases which might establish a bad precedent. If these two were admitted, other sisters might demand the same consideration. But—the story as it came to them in Miss Harriet's letter was one they couldn't put aside easily. It took a few weeks, but the directors were perhaps better Christians than they were directors, and they wrote at last, "Come on. We'll make an exception in your case. . . ." It may have been the letter from the president of the college that really convinced them. He said: "I have never known missionaries more devoted, or more unselfishly giving of themselves to the cause than they. They are recognized throughout our church . . . They are creators of peace, sunshine, and Christian culture. . . . They are in fair health, but not strong. . . ."

Isabel was the stronger of the two the day they arrived. She was 65; Harriet was 70. That was in June of 1928. They were, they told the folks at the Memorial Home Community, "alone in the world." But as the months and the years wore on, they were not

alone; they were the kind who make friends easily, and everyone at the community became their friend, and vied in trying to help them. Harriet got no better, even in such surroundings; her strength failed, and the folks said it couldn't be long. . . . But chance or God had planned it otherwise.

ONE morning they dropped in at the superintendent's office and asked if he would drive them down to see the undertaker at Green Cove Springs. That was a bit unusual, but of course. . . . The three of them sat together in the undertaker's office: the rather startled superintendent, the two prim old ladies arranging things so that there would be no confusion when one or the other was called home. They arranged every detail—where the funeral was to be held, who was to be notified in Rushville, Indiana, even the railroad train to be used between Indiana and Florida. Their wills were made. It was January, 1942.

One night, soon after that, Harriet said she didn't feel so well; by morning, the superintendent called the hospital. They went together; Miss Isabel said no, thanks, she didn't need any help; she could take care of things. They were in the hospital for weeks, and

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DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. WILLIAM L. STIDGER

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR EACH DAY OF THE MONTH

Sunday, June 1

READ JAMES 3:17

*Make of man the poem, make of man the theme;
Fruiting of the vision, flowering of the dream.*—ANGELA MORGAN

IT IS GOOD to start off our June meditations on the Sabbath Day. It is also good to start off with this text and this theme of wisdom and love, of making man the poem and the dream, which means that it is great wisdom to love, to be kind, and to serve human beings with infinite tenderness, "full of mercy." Such a spirit inside of us will make this day happy, give it a spiritual flavor and a touch of God.

Dear God of all wisdom, tenderness and love, teach us to be kindly, loving and gentle all of this day, for therein lies great wisdom from above. Amen.

Monday, June 2

READ I THESS. 5:17

Make of man the shining, pure and perfect thing:

*Give him room to grow in,
Give him fields to sow in,
Teach his lips to sing!*—ANGELA MORGAN

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING," that we may faithfully carry out the program suggested in this beautiful and meaningful Morgan quatrain: "make of man the pure and perfect thing." Yes, and "give him room to grow in," which means expansion of soul. And in these June days, "give him fields to sow in" for man needs physical opportunities as well as spiritual. Edwin Markham said that man needed Bread, Beauty, and Brotherhood to make life complete. "Teach his lips to sing," which means that he and we must learn to express our spiritual joy.

Dear God of all laughing, singing and delight; help us to learn through service to others, the great joy of religion. Amen.

Tuesday, June 3

READ II CHRON. 20:15

*So rouse from your perilous ease; to your sword and your shield;
Your ease is the ease of the cattle.
Out to some battle!*

—EDWIN MARKHAM

ALWAYS REMEMBERING that, in the words of our text, "The battle is not yours, but God's." Samuel Johnson called himself "the Old Struggler" and called our attention to the fact that a real naturalist will not help a butterfly out of its cocoon because the very struggle to emerge strengthens its wings for flight when it gets out. So with a child, so with an adult; it is the struggle of life that gives strong wings. "Out to some battle," always remembering they are God's battles if they are for human justice and righteousness.

Dear God of all righteous battles for human rights and justice, God of Amos and Hosea, of Job and Christ: teach us that the battles of the crosses of life emerge in the resurrections of life. Amen.

Wednesday, June 4

READ ISAIAH 30:18

*The fight for justice fills the world,
The flag of faith is never furled.*

—EDWIN MARKHAM

"FOR JEHOVAH is a God of Justice." We Americans have a keen sense of justice. We are more apt to become personally and nationally indignant over injustice than any other thing. That spirit took us into the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, the Spanish-American War and the World Wars. David Dudley Field expressed it, "Above all other things is justice. Success is a good thing; wealth is good also; honor is better; but justice excels them all."

Dear God, we thank Thee that Thou art a God of justice, and that we intuitively have that God-like quality within us. Amen.

Thursday, June 5

READ LUKE 7:50

*Not truth, but faith it is
That keeps the world alive.*

—EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

ONE OF MY wise friends sat down one day and classified the physical things in which we have to have faith to keep our everyday life going: faith in elevators, trains, buses, banks, and businessmen. Every move we make every day demands that we have faith in machinery, men, things, and institutions.

Our whole banking system would go to pieces if we did not have faith. Our postal system demands a perfect faith on our part that a letter we drop into a box will reach its destination. Yes, it is faith that keeps the world alive. "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

Dear Father of all faith, we thank Thee that, after long aeons of time, Thou hast taught the human race that faith is essential for life, order, peace and happiness. Amen.

Friday, June 6

READ II COR. 9:6

*The truly generous is the truly wise;
And he who loves not others, lives unblest.*—HORACE

ONE DAY a student, watching me open a bulging mail box, said to me, "Doctor, your box is always bulging with mail. Why do you get so much?" My answer was, "I keep a stream of mail flowing out and consequently get a stream coming back. I get just about as much mail as I send. So is it with all life; you give kindness, service, generosity and you get it back. It is an un-failing law of life." "He that soweth sparingly shall reap sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully shall reap bountifully!"

Dear Father of the law of equality, we thank Thee that we get what we give: love, laughter, tenderness, for Thou art a God of justice and balance and fair play. Amen.

Saturday, June 7

READ I JOHN 3:18, 19

*To love is to believe, to hope, to know;
'Tis a faith; a taste of heaven below.*

—WALLER

THE TEXT, a most practical one this morning, says that we must love not merely in word, and tongue, but in deed and truth. Alfred Noyes puts it: "But one thing is needful; and ye shall be true, To yourselves and the goal and the God that ye seek; Yes, the day and the night shall requite it to you, If ye love one another, if your love be not weak!" And, as we approach Children's Day in the church, we know what this type of love means, for chil-

dren always have it. They never fail in love.

Dear God of all love, Thou who didst give Thine only begotten Son to die that we might have everlasting life and that we might forever know what love means—to Thee we lift grateful hearts this day. Amen.

Sunday, June 8

READ I JOHN 4:12

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And man below and saints above;
For love is heaven and heaven is love.

—SCOTT

TIE THOSE beautiful three lines from Sir Walter Scott up with our text, "His love is perfected in us," and you have a perfect thought for this day's meditation for spiritual growth and happiness. Add to that Hannah More's prose poem: "Love never reasons but profusely gives; gives like a thoughtless prodigal its all, and trembles then, lest it has done too little." And, if you don't believe that, remember the spirit of your mother, the sacrificial giving of a mother who inspired the poet to sing: "O Mother when I think of thee, 'Tis but a step to Calvary."

Dear God of love, life and laughter;
we thank Thee that Thy love may be perfected in us. Amen.

Monday, June 9

READ I JOHN 12:36

Walk boldly and wisely in that light thou hast—

There is a hand above wilt help thee on.

—BAILEY

"BELIEVE ON THE light" says exactly the same thing that our theme says this morning. One day as we sat talking in my home, I asked Edwin Markham, the poet, what the great sources of light were, thinking he would say, "the poets." But this is what he actually said, "William, the great sources of light are the eternal sun, the Holy Word, and the life of Christ." I have never forgotten his look of satisfaction, reverence and delight at coining that succulent, compact phrase. He actually laughed out loud with satisfaction. It is the perfect illustration of our thought this morning.

Dear God, we thank Thee that, just as our sun is the source of all physical light, so Thou art the source of all spiritual life; and just as we believe in the sun so we believe in Thee and walk boldly in that light. Amen.

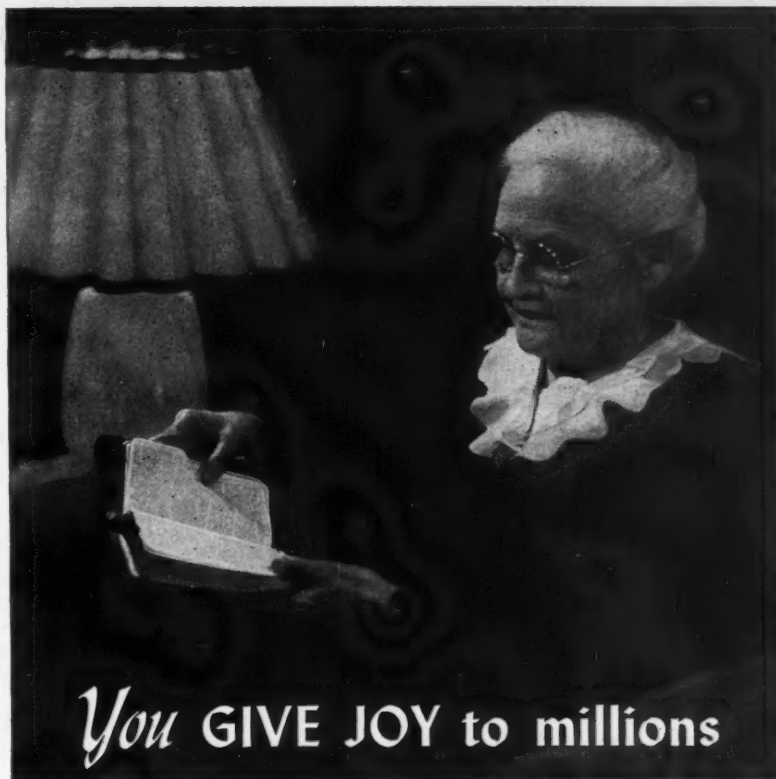
Tuesday, June 10

READ MATT. 25:21

One hour of joy dispels the cares
And sufferings of a thousand years.

—BAPTISTE

(Continued on page 45)



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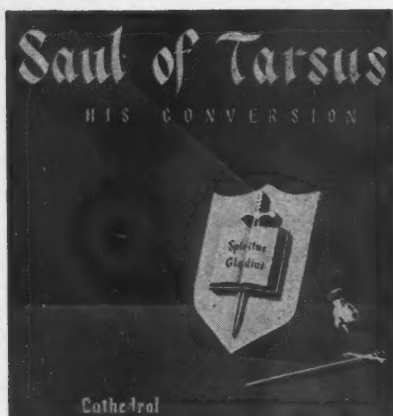
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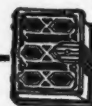
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By Amos John Traver



Sunday, June 1st

FACING NATIONAL PERILS

II KINGS 19:5-7, 32-37; 20:12-17

THE GREATEST PERIL of Judah was neither the menace of Assyria nor of Babylon. It was failure to build national permanence upon morality and justice. Even so good a king as Hezekiah forgot that his one dependence for prosperity and safety was God. His people were under a very special protection of God, yet he tried to find security in alliances with the enemies of God. Our statesmen have not learned much from history. The threat of armed power, the signing of treaties, the application of economic pressures—these are the dependence of the nations for peace. Each international agreement ought to be tested with the question: Is it right and just before God?

Samaria, the northern kingdom, was no more. Its people were captives and the land laid waste. Judah seemed destined to be the next victim. Sennacherib, king of Assyria, undertook the conquest of Judah and captured all its important cities but Jerusalem. Hezekiah bought him off with a large ransom. Assyrian tablets commemorate this expedition. (II Kings 18:13-16)

His second expedition against Judah was probably incidental to a campaign against Egypt. He sent a threatening force under Rabshakeh to the very walls of Jerusalem. There Rabshakeh applied "psychological warfare," shouting his boasts of Assyrian might and his defiance of Israel's God, so they could be heard by all the people. His master needed his troops and he withdrew. Then Sennacherib sent a most insulting letter to Hezekiah and we have the beautiful story of the good king, taking the letter with him to the temple and spreading it open before the Lord. The answer to this prayer came through the lips of Isaiah, promising divine intervention. Sure enough, a great calamity visited the approaching army of Sennacherib. Thousands were slain, perhaps by pestilence. Sennacherib retreated and was later murdered.

THE NEXT EPISODE in the life of King Hezekiah was an illness that promised to be fatal. Again Isaiah came with the answer to his prayer. He was promised that fifteen more years would be added

to his life. Now Babylon was on the rise as Assyria waned, and King Merodach-Baladan looked with covetous eye on Judah. He pretended to send an embassy of friendship, bearing a message of sympathy for Hezekiah's illness. Hezekiah yielded to pride and showed the embassy all the treasures of temple and city. Isaiah heard of this and came unsummoned to bring a prophecy of disaster. Judah, too, would fall. Not wealth, or smart diplomacy, or alliances with heathen nations, or armed might could save Judah. The only consolation Hezekiah had in the coming doom, was that he would not live to see it.

"One with God is a majority." Do we believe it? What nation today is making any serious attempt to practice the Golden Rule in international relations? What nation is ready to refuse part in any treaty or alliance that demands compromise with justice and morality? There are too many parallels for comfort between the history of the rise and fall of ancient empires and our own history. Our consciences have been dulled to the prior claim of justice and right over national self-interests. No nation has any assured future whose dependence is on any other than the Lord God Almighty.

Questions:

Hezekiah sought security by diplomatic alliances and by display of wealth. Name specific instances of dependence on the wrong things in the policy of our nation.

Isaiah, prophet of the Lord, did not hesitate to speak on national policy. How far should our pastors and church leaders venture opinions on political issues? What are the limitations of the principle of the separation of church and state?

• Sunday, June 8th

MAKING REFORMS SUCCEED

II KINGS 22:10-11; 23:1-5, 21

HONEST WORKMEN, so honest they were not required to present an itemized bill, found the lost Book of the Law. They were repairing the neglected temple, led by the good priest Hilkiah, and found the Book buried in the walls. If they did not have the law they did act upon the light they had. They knew somehow that there could

be no national security without the honor of the God of the nation. In repairing His temple, they witnessed the faith they had and God always records honest men who seek to serve Him.

Have you ever been present at the opening of a cornerstone from an old church? There you find more than history. There you discover the faith of those who built it. So was the Book of the Law, probably our Deuteronomy, built into the walls of the temple. Those who longed to refund for Judah the glory of the Kingdom of David and Solomon, now had the one solid foundation on which to build. This was the dream of King Josiah and he, with all the people, gathered to hear God speak to them through His law. Then they pledged themselves to obey it in a great ceremony of consecration.

More was needed than a housecleaning of the temple. That was the place to begin, and under the personal supervision of Josiah, the shrines and idols of the whole nation were torn down and all heathen practices banned. Honest reform always means a housecleaning like that.

Still more must follow if the reform was to last. The worship of God must be re-established. So Josiah sent out the command over the land to come to Jerusalem for the celebration of the Passover. It was both a solemn and a joyous feast. It reminded the nation that God, and God alone, had saved their fathers from Egyptian slavery and had led them to their Promised Land. It proclaimed anew the faith that God would still save His people if they would trust Him, and Him alone.

HERE IS THE simple recipe for national or personal security. It must begin with the "hunger and thirst after righteousness." Honest men must want to serve God, however dim their knowledge. Then God will lead them to the discovery of His law. As Josiah rent his clothes in repentance, so will men always see in God's law the sinfulness of their sins. As he sought ruthlessly to stamp out these sins from the whole nation, so reforms, whatever their cost, must follow. Finally men will gather in their places of worship to praise God and to rededicate themselves to His service. It is God, not man in his own strength and wisdom, who can keep a nation godly.

A Korean convert, many years ago said, "A Christian ought to read the Bible and behave it." There is a great deal of lip homage paid the Bible in these days. Statesmen, generals, scientists, commentators, all agree that we need to go back to the Sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule for the basis of national and international security. Sometimes I think these are never read carefully, for they make tremendous demands upon the reader. To

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refind the law meant nothing until the law was the basis of repentance and reform. And reform, in itself, can be only temporary unless vital relationship with the Law-maker is established through prayer, praise and thanksgiving. There is more security for our nation in the multitudes at worship Sunday after Sunday than in the millions bearing arms or in guided rockets and atomic bombs. "Blessed is the nation whose god is the Lord."

Questions:

"The expulsive power of a new affection" is a meaningful expression. How do you apply it to the reforms of Josiah? To permanent reform today in individual and national life?

Read II Chronicles 34, 35. What does this account add to the story of Josiah? What was the sin of the good Josiah that led to his death?

• Sunday, June 15th

JUDAH'S APPROACHING DOOM

JEREMIAH 36:2-3, 28-31; II KINGS 24:1-4

UNPLEASANT CRITICISM is hard to take. Poor Jeremiah warned and pled to save Judah, yet neither kings nor people would listen. His heart was broken by their stubbornness. The prophet's task is a thankless one. Centuries later a greater than the prophets came and they hung Him on a cross between two thieves. It is so human, so childish human, to like only those who tell us what we want to hear!

After the good Josiah died, his successors were ungodly kings. Jehoahaz was in chains in Egypt within three months after his coronation. Jehoiakim, vassal of Egypt, reigned eleven years, finally to fall before Babylon, conqueror of Egypt. Jehoiachin lasted a little over three months, when he was carried captive to Babylon. Zedekiah, king by grace of Babylon, rashly rebelled and lost his capital and kingdom, his sons and his eyesight, and died a miserable prisoner. To all of these, Jeremiah offered vainly the invitation to return to their God.

Jeremiah was a sensitive, poetic soul. His language is full of imagery. He turns easily from symbols to concrete cases, so that it is not always easy to recognize the poetic from the historic. He does not seem to arrange the order of his prophecies by the calendar, but by the subjects he wishes to discuss. He is much plainer and simpler in expression than Isaiah. If he is called "prophet of doom" it was in the very nature of his calling. Judah had moved on inevitably to the same doom as Israel and by the same road. Jeremiah came too late to save his people and he knew it. Yet he continued to the very end to declare God's doom upon the nation and to call on the people to repent and return to God.

Our lesson from II Kings tells briefly the story of Jehoiakim's rebellion after three years of vassalage under Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon. First he was attacked by neighboring nations, then by the army of Babylon. He was taken prisoner and Jerusalem and the temple laid waste. Jeremiah makes clear that it was the idolatry and moral corruption of Judah that was the real source of its disaster. Historians find many reasons for the fall of empires, but basically it is always found in rebellion against God's laws.

THE DEPTH OF Jehoiakim's sin is told in our lesson from Jeremiah. Barred from coming directly to plead with his king, the prophet wrote his message on a roll. The heart of God is revealed in these words, "It may be that the house of Judah will hear . . . that they may return . . . that I may forgive . . ." It is never too late for man or nation to repent. God's only purpose in the woes of Judah was restoration. "But they would not!"

This written message stirred the fears of the courtiers and they brought it to the king. His contempt for the prophet and his God was shown by the burning of the roll as soon as it had been read. To have listened obediently would have meant an entire change from the sin and shame of his own life and of the life of Judah. The love of sin possessed him and there was no repentance in him. Neither would he confess that the troubles of his kingdom were rooted in this, rather than in the might of Babylon. The last hope of Judah burned in the fires of lust and pride, kindled in Jehoiakim's own corrupt heart. Jeremiah wrote another roll, with an even more certain prophecy of doom. The complete disaster he foretold came swiftly.

What is the duty of the Christian patriot in the face of open, national corruption? It is not pleasant to play Jeremiah to a people who have lost the desire to please God. It seems such a vain sacrifice to warn those who love their lusts, that "the wages of sin is death." This is God's mission for each Christian. Unless we speak for God and against evil, we are morally responsible. The hope of our nation lies not in clever diplomacy or in power politics but in obedience to the law of God. Do you believe this?

Questions:

What are the evidences of a loss of Christian conscience in our own national life? How far are the churches responsible? How ought Christians to be "different" in our contemporary scene?

Read the Parable of the Potter, Jeremiah 18:1-12. Apply it to the divine purpose in personal and national calamities.

Sunday, June 22nd

TRAGIC END OF A NATION

II KINGS 25:1-12

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE is the voice of God." Far from it! The last of the kings of Judah "did evil in the sight of the Lord." Aside from the prophets, no voice was raised by the people against the lust, the luxury and the idol worship that marked the common life of the people as well as the court of the king. In the sight of the people, Zedekiah's way was a good way and they followed. Even the priests, set apart for the worship of God, introduced heathen practices into His temple. Here, before the altar, might have been the spring of cleansing for the nation. Those whose obligation it was to keep that spring pure, themselves fouled it.

Let there be no mistake, the fall of Judah was first a profaning of the altars, a loss of the sense of the presence and power of God. This always accompanies the neglect of true worship. Second, came the complete moral collapse of Judah. The vileness of the life of kings and people is past description. Lust, brutality, dishonesty—these are the fruits of the worship of the gods of this world. Third, dependence for security was placed on purely human means. There was no real weakness in manpower for war. There was wealth. There were foreign alliances, particularly the alliance with Egypt on which the later kings of Judah depended. There was disregard of treaties. The interests of the nation could always be sufficient excuse for calling them "mere scraps of paper." Shades of Hitler! Inner moral collapse always undermines the honor of a nation.

Fourth, the nation becomes deaf to the voices of the prophets who dare to challenge its evil ways. More than that, the prophets are persecuted as though they are the real enemies of the nation. Dungeons, scourgings, concentration camps, deportations—yes, and crosses—dispose of those who are the only hope of survival. It is a tragic old story but new as each new generation. Fifth, destruction, captivity. Yet back of it all, a forgiving, loving God, like the father of the prodigal son, waiting for His children to come to their senses and return to their Father's house.

SCATTERED through the writings of Jeremiah, light is given on the whole story of Judah's fall. The account in *Chronicles* 36 should also be read to know the details of Judah's national suicide. Zedekiah was conquered by Babylon, or Chaldea as that nation was now called. He pledged obedience in the name of his God. He broke his word and played the old game of alliance with Egypt. Nebuchadnezzar marched against him. Egypt was either defeated or retreated without giving

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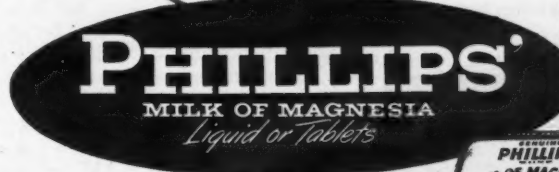
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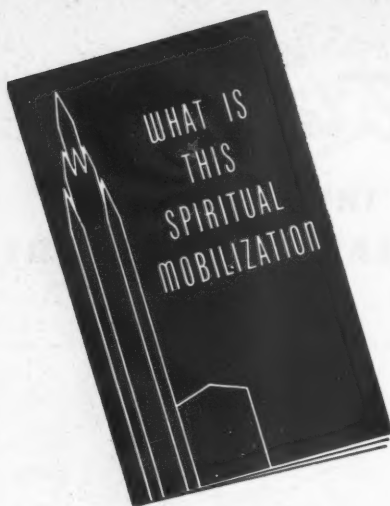


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battle. Jerusalem was besieged, starved, the walls breached and Zedekiah and his army tried to escape. On the plains of Jericho what was left of the army was defeated and Zedekiah captured. He was taken to Babylon, his eyes put out, but not before his sons had been slain before him. The city was utterly destroyed, the temple stripped of its treasures, and the people deported, leaving only the poorer classes to exist as best they could. Jerusalem, capital of God's chosen people and prototype of the eternal dwelling place of the saints, was a barren waste. History was to repeat itself in A.D. 70 and the descriptions of that siege by Josephus, coupled with the references in *Jeremiah* and *Lamentations*, show the destiny of any nation that muffs its God-given opportunity to establish itself on a foundation of justice and mercy.

The commandments of God are not the arbitrary will of a tyrant. They are the expression of the good will of God. Keeping them is the way for a satisfying life for man or nation. Faith is the foundation on which a secure nation must build; faith in a personal God whose mind toward us is revealed in Christ; faith in His way of life, also revealed in the perfect character of Christ. "Blessed is the nation, whose god is the Lord!"

Questions:

Karl Marx taught "the economic determination of history." He explained the rise and fall of nations by their natural resources, trade advantages, living conditions, etc. How does the Christian interpretation of history differ?

The Kings of Judah led their people into sin. In selecting national leaders should we consider their religious beliefs and their personal morality?

• Sunday, June 29th

OUR HERITAGE FROM ISRAEL

PSALMS 119:105; ISAIAH 2:2-4; MICAH 6:1-8

"THE RISE AND FALL of a Nation" is a dramatic story. For three months we have been following Israel, from twelve tribes, to world empire, on to revolution and division, and finally to captivity. The Northern kingdom became the "lost tribes" and were so assimilated into the life of other peoples that their identity is gone. The Southern kingdom came back from captivity, assumed the twelve tribal divisions, and never again fell into the idolatries of the heathen. The opportunity for building a world empire with its capital in Jerusalem was lost. Rome was too strong for a successful attempt at freedom. Whether there ever will be a Hebrew state is one of the present-day international problems.

Though the Jews have no nation they can call their own, they have contributed to the life of all nations. In

business, in politics, in education, in the arts, in religion, in every walk of life, they are making their contribution to the nations they now rightfully claim as their own. Jewish blood is good blood, none better, and it is one of the precious inheritances our times may credit to ancient Israel.

Faith in the One God is another contribution of Israel. For many centuries Israel alone kept this faith alive. Israel did not construct gods, as the heathen did, from their own kind. Instead, Israel believed their God was the center out of which their life grew. They dimly followed the vision of their prophets when they spoke of God as the center to which "all nations shall flow." Yet that hope was kept alive until its fuller meaning was discovered in Jesus Christ. Out of Israel comes the dream of world peace among nations, that in discovering their relation to God, find they are brothers.

Each Christian must thank God for the part Israel played in preparation for Christ. Only a minority accepted Him but it was, at first, a Jewish minority that enlarged its vision and under the leadership of Paul, "Hebrew of the Hebrews," set out to win the world for Him.

EVERY AGE has been tempted to keep religion on the surface, a matter of rites and rules. It was Micah who gave voice to the teaching of all the prophets, that prayers and sacrifices are not pleasing to God unless they come from just, merciful and humble hearts (Micah 6:6-8). It was also in the sacrifices of Israel that the cross of Christ found its deepest meaning.

The terrible fruits of sin are so clearly and frankly written into the history of Israel that they should be a warning for all time. Here is demonstrated in the life of a nation that "the wages of sin is death." Just as truly is the forgiving character of God revealed. Over and over again He rescued His repentant people. In Israel's history, God appears as the "holy Father" to whom Jesus prayed.

To take from the thought and life of the Christian world the inheritance from ancient Israel, would leave us impoverished if not completely destitute. Thank God for the sacred writers, the prophets and psalmists, who have given us the unglossed record of His dealings with ancient Israel.

Questions:

Thinking of the lessons of this quarter, what application do they have to the current situation within our nation and in international relationships?

What is the relation between sacrifice and service, between liturgies and life, between worship of God and godliness? There is a new emphasis on worship in present-day Christianity; how may its true values be conserved?

DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from page 39)

"ENTER THOU into the joy of thy Lord." Angela Morgan has a poem which she calls "Sanctuary" and it reads like this: "Only a step from the road, A league from the toilsome town. But oh, what hands to lift your load, What splendor streaming down; That eloquence of architecture, Pure as the forest shade, The ancient hush of Eden, Lightly on your spirit laid. The remedy of wings for woe, Of triumph for despair, Eternities that breathe and blow, Within that sacred air, As though the very heart of God Had flowered in that place, Through windows rich as goldenrod, And carvings fine as lace. Only a step from the street, And the troubled ways of men; Yet here may God with mortals meet, And Christ be born again."

Dear God of all churches, cathedrals and sanctuaries, we thank Thee that, through them, and through all worship, we may "Enter into the joy of thy Lord." Amen.

Wednesday, June 11

READ JOHN 16:33

Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air and carols as he goes.
—GOLDSMITH

THE REAL CHRISTIAN, he who starts the day with worship and meditation, he who remembers this morning's text, "Be of good cheer: I have overcome the world," has a right to do what Goldsmith's couplet sings so beautifully this morning for us. The Christian "carols as he goes" because, like little Pippa in "Pippa Passes" by Browning, he has the joy of the Lord in his heart and all is well in his world.

Dear Father of all singing, laughing, and loving, we thank Thee that we may be of good cheer because Thou hast overcome the world for us. Amen.

Thursday, June 12

READ REV. 3:8

He held his seat, a friend to human race,
Fast by the road his ever-opened door
Obliged the wealthy and reliev'd the poor.
—POPE

"I HAVE SET before thee a door opened" to welcome humanity into the House of Love. That is the Christian way. Bishop George Miller of the Methodist Church once said to me that the most challenging figure of speech he had ever read was from Meredith who spoke of one character "who knocked at all the doors of life but opened none." Christ says, "I have set before thee a door opened." And what does an open door mean? It means an invitation to enter into God's kingdom. That we are doing this morning and



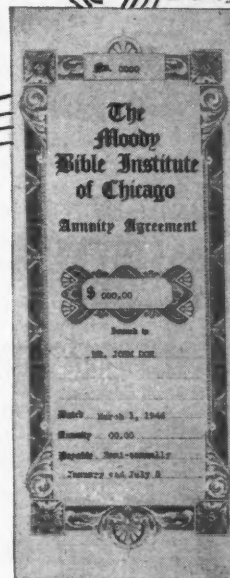
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all mornings through these meditations together.

Dear God of all hospitality, we thank Thee that Thou hast opened unto us a door and we hereby enter into that open door to Thy house, Thy heaven and Thy kingdom. Amen.

Friday, June 13

READ COL. 1:27

*Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! Hark! what myriads bid you rise,
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!*

"CHRIST IN YOU the hope of glory!" Ye sons of God, awake to glory! is the way I paraphrase that French hymn today. Who will ever forget the old Negro who ran a small boat across the Santee River in the South? Archibald Rutledge tells about him. The old Negro was dressed immaculately in white; he kept his boat clean, the brass shining in the sun, the seats dusted, the bilge water drained, and a Bible on the seat beside him as he ran the boat. Archibald Rutledge asked him why he kept everything so immaculate and he said, with a cheerful smile, "You see, Cap'n, (pointing to his Bible) I'ze got a Glory!"

Dear God of all glow and glory, we thank Thee that if we live each day in Thee, we also share a glory. Amen.

Saturday, June 14

READ II TIM. 1-7 (A.V.)

*Gifts come from above
The fruit of God's love.*

—GOETHE

ADD TO THAT illuminating couplet, the text of this morning about God's gifts to those who will receive them and we have something practical to carry through life this day: "God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." For the preacher who wants a sermon to preach there it is with three distinct divisions: Power, Love and a Sound Mind. Those are God's gifts to us this day and all days.

Dear God of all glorious gifts, we thank Thee for Thy gift of power, love, and a clear, sound mind. Amen.

Sunday, June 15

READ GAL. 3:26

*Faith is the paintbrush of the soul
That pictures heavenly things.*

—BURBRIDGE

"THROUGH FAITH in Christ Jesus" sings our text, and the poet tells us what that faith will do in our lives, as indeed does the rest of our text: "For ye are the sons of God, through faith in Christ Jesus." That type of faith will fill the walls of our souls, our homes, our town and our nation with glorious

murals and paintings of "heavenly things." Someone has warned us that when we get to heaven we shall find the furnishing of our heavenly mansions, the stairways, the tapestries, the murals on the walls, just what we ourselves, on this earth, have planned and painted.

Dear heavenly Father, Thou who hast prepared our heavenly mansions for us, we thank Thee that we have had a part in furnishing those mansions through faith in Jesus Christ. Amen.

Monday, June 16

READ JER. 15:16

*Joy is the mainspring in the whole
Of endless nature's calm rotation.
Joy moves the dazzling wheels that roll
In the great timepiece of creation.*

—SCHILLER

"THY WORDS were unto me a joy!" In these glorious June days we get a lot of sheer joy from without; through June roses, lilacs, rhododendrons, wisteria, pansies; through birds nesting and singing, Baltimore orioles, redwing blackbirds, grosbeaks, scarlet tanagers; through Children's Day, college and high-school commencements; through marriages. But the truest joy comes from within, says the immortal Young: "Joy, wholly from without is false, precarious and short, like gathered flowers which will soon wither. Joy from within is like smelling a June rose; it is more sweet and fair, more lasting—even immortal—because it stays within the soul through memory."

Dear God of all joy and gladness, we thank Thee that we actually may enter into, and have enter into us, Thy joy.

Tuesday, June 17

READ I JOHN 2:10

"HE THAT LOVETH his brother abideth in light." There it is, the greatest combination on earth for spiritual peace: love, brotherhood and light. There is a heavenly light in love. It shineth as the noonday sun. It illuminates the whole of life. Tennyson said: "God and nature met in light." Browne said: "Light is but the shadow of God." Jesus said: "I am the light of the world." Schiller says that "Children and flowers always turn toward the sun," and that is a glorious thought for the month of Children's Day and of roses. But best of all is the thought of our text that he that loveth his brother abideth in light.

Dear Father and source of all love and light, teach us to live in Thy love and Thy light forever. Amen.

Wednesday, June 18

READ PSALM 23:2

*Smooth runs the water
Where the brook is deep.*

—SHAKESPEARE

"HE LEADETH ME beside still waters." I had never thought of "still waters" as being the deep waters until I conceived this particular meditation and ran across that combination of Shakespeare and the beloved Twenty-third Psalm. I had always accepted that phrase "beside still waters" merely as a beautiful scene or symbol, but now it means more to me for when God leads us by still waters He also leads us by deep waters, for shallow waters are never still waters. The soul has to be deep to be still: deep with God's love.

Dear God of all the still waters, the calm souls and the men and women at peace: we thank Thee that Thou hast promised to lead us by the still and the deep waters of spiritual life. Amen.

Thursday, June 19

READ PHIL. 3:13

I am done with the years that were;

I am quits,

I am done with the dead and old.

—EDWIN MARKHAM

THE BEST MODERN interpretation of our text this morning, "forgetting those things which are behind," is the spirit of Edwin Markham in "The Look Ahead" which I used last year in another connection on these pages. He wrote that glorious, forward-looking poem when he was eighty years old, and its last lines run like a swimmer to meet the sea: "Now I look to the future for wine and bread; I have bidden the past adieu. I laugh and lift hands to the years ahead. 'Come on! I am ready for you.'" Judging from the large mail I get from my readers, most of us are beyond middle age, getting old; so this gospel is a heartening one for us.

Dear Father, we thank Thee that Thou has given us "The Look Ahead!"

Friday, June 20

READ PSALM 119:165 (A. V.)

All things that speak of heaven's peace,
They also speak of sweet release.

—BAILEY

"GREAT PEACE have they which love Thy law; and nothing shall offend them." I talked with Bishop McConnell a few weeks ago about a universal weakness of humankind: sensitiveness over what others say about them; a sensitiveness which makes about ninety percent of the people of the world unhappy and miserable. Then the great bishop said, "Did you ever read that last sentence in the 165th verse of Psalm 119?" Following his suggestion I read it, and this is what it says: "And nothing shall offend them." That gives a cure for all sensitive souls who imagine that somebody is talking about them or doing them harm.

Dear Father of all peace in the soul, we thank Thee that if we live in Thy law of love, nothing shall offend us.

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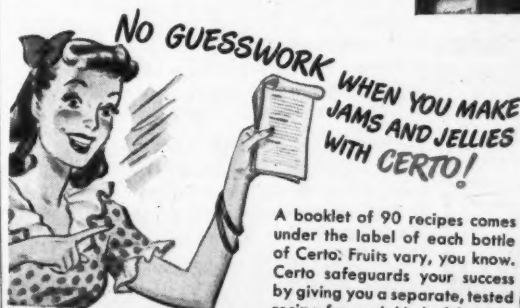


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Saturday, June 21

READ EX. 14:13

*Salvation is a gift of God;
It springeth from His holy sod.*

—EDWIN MARKHAM

"STAND STILL, and see the salvation of Jehovah!" Washington Gladden once said: "But what can mortal man do to secure his own salvation? Mortal man can do just what God bids him do. He can repent and believe—and 'see the salvation of God.' He can arise and follow Christ as his Savior and his Master." That seems to me a compact, complete and all-sufficient suggestion for this morning's meditation.

Dear Father of our faith, hope and eternal salvation, we thank Thee that we can stand and see Thy salvation this day. Amen.

Sunday, June 22

READ PHIL. 4:13 (A. V.)

*Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength!*

—SHAKESPEARE

"I'M NOT AFRAID," the small boy said, 'of this long ocean trip, Because, you see, my daddy is, The captain of this ship. I'm not afraid of storms that blow, Across the ocean wide, 'Cause I just know my daddy, Will reach the other side. And if this ship is tossed about, Why, it won't bother me; We'll make the journey safe because, My daddy knows the sea.'" That is exactly what both our text and our theme means; that we can have all faith, all power, all strength—not in ourselves, but "through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Dear God of all wisdom, power and vision; we thank Thee that we get our strength in and through and from Thee. Amen.

Monday, June 23

READ EX. 32:29

*Teach us, Master, how to give
All we have and are to Thee;
Grant us, Savior, while we live;
Wholly, only, Thine to be.*

F. R. HAVERGAL

CONSECRATION is a high and holy theme; and we find it in this beautiful four-line verse and in our text: "Consecrate your selves today to Jehovah that He may bestow upon you a blessing." I wonder if my readers love Alexander MacLaren as much as I do? My old Scot mother used to quote him to me on every occasion, and one thought I shall never forget: "If you want to live in this world, doing the duty of life, knowing the blessings of it, doing your work heartily and yet not absorbed by it, remember that the one power where-

by you can so act is that all shall be consecrated to Christ and done for His sake."

Dear Christ, Thou who didst consecrate all to the Cross and for us; we thank Thee for this challenging thought today. Amen.

Tuesday, June 24

READ JOHN 6:58

*The holy Bread, the food unpriced,
Thy everlasting mercy, Christ.*

—MASEFIELD

"HE THAT EATETH this Bread shall live forever." And no wonder, because it is "holy bread" and it gives spiritual nourishment. It has spiritual vitamins in it. These days we often read this phrase on the bread from the grocer: "Reinforced with vitamins A, B, and C." All of us are so vitamin-conscious these days that if we have a choice between bread which has had vitamins added and that which has not, we take the vitamin-impregnated bread every time. So why not spiritually, when we read that we shall live forever if we eat this spiritual Bread?

Dear Father of all food and faith, we thank Thee that Thou hast promised us "holy bread" which will make us live forever; and that we are partaking of that spiritual bread this morning through these quiet hours with Thee. Amen.

Wednesday, June 25

READ PSALM 1:2

*Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suits would he be moved,
To draw him from his holy exercise.*

—SHAKESPEARE

"AND ON HIS law doth he meditate day and night." Here are two justifications for our morning meditations: Shakespeare and the Bible. Nothing could "draw him from his holy exercise." I wish that were true of all Christians. I believe it actually is true of many of my readers, for the many letters I receive (and I like receiving them) indicate to me that there is a loyal devotion on the part of many to these spiritual exercises. Just as it is absolutely necessary to take regular physical exercise to keep well, so is it necessary to take spiritual setting-up exercises each morning, in this way.

Dear Father of all spiritual life, we thank Thee that there are many souls whom nothing could draw from their holy exercise. Amen.

Thursday, June 26

READ JOHN 8:31, 32

*O Truth Divine, enlightened by the ray,
I grope, and guess no more, but see my way.*

—ARBUTHNOT

WE SHALL KNOW the truth, and the truth shall make you free." What is the truth? Edwin Markham answers in a quatrain: "Here is the truth in a little creed; Enough for all the ways we go; In love is all the law we need; In Christ is all the God we know."

Dear God of all truth, we thank Thee that Thou hast said that if we abide in Thy word, we shall know the truth and that the truth shall make us free. Amen.

Friday, June 27

READ EPH. 6:10

Strength is born in the deep silences
Of long-suffering hearts; not amidst joy.
—HELEN HEMANS

"FINALLY, be strong in the Lord." Even if it becomes necessary to gain that strength through suffering, as so often happens. Several years ago, after I had come to know Grace Noll Crowell through the pages of CHRISTIAN HERALD, I was so intrigued by her spiritual power that I interviewed her and discovered that she had been an invalid most of her life and seldom got out of her home; and that out of a life of suffering had come her beautiful, comforting poems. I entitled a piece which I wrote about her for a secular magazine "Songs Out of Suffering." I might just as well have entitled it "Strength Out of Suffering."

Dear God of all sorrows and sufferings, Thou who didst see Thy son, Christ, suffer on a cross, we thank Thee that oftentimes song and strength come out of suffering. Amen.

Saturday, June 28

READ ROM. 13:13

Let us walk honestly, as in the day,
Let us live humbly and love and pray.

—EDWIN MARKHAM

CURIOSLY ENOUGH, Edwin Markham must have based that suggestive couplet on our text this morning which reads: "Let us walk honestly, as in the day." The author of Romans means by this: not to walk staggeringly, riotously, or carelessly as those who walk the ways of night. Let us be straightforward, as men who know and see where they are going because they are "walking in the Light."

Dear Father of the sun and of all light, teach us to walk in Thy ways and in Thy light, "as in the day." Amen.

Sunday, June 29

READ II COR. 3:17

There's a spirit above, and a spirit below,
A spirit of joy and a spirit of woe.

"NOW THE LORD is the spirit." Such is our text, and my assumption is that His is the spirit "above," which is "a spirit of joy" because the conclusion of

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DR. DIO LEWIS became a very successful Doctor of Medicine. But he never forgot the day he waited forlornly outside the door in his gnawing hunger and scanty clothes, while his sainted mother read the Scripture and offered the prayer God used to close the saloon. And he commenced to lecture eloquently against the liquor traffic.

Speaking first in the Baptist Church, Fredonia, New York, where the first crusade and local Union were organized, Dr. Lewis' experience in Hillsboro, Ohio, is noteworthy. Here he was a guest in Judge Thompson's home on December 23, 1873, lecturing that evening on Temperance in the First Presbyterian Church. With great power, he related how his sainted mother and her friends had united in prayer with and for the liquor sellers of his native town until they surrendered their soul-destroying business.

When about to close, he said to his audience: "Ladies, you might do the same thing here if you had the same faith!" Turning to the ministers and temperance leaders on the platform, he added: "Suppose I ask the ladies of this assembly to signify their opinions on this important subject," and received their nodded assent.

To his audience, he then solemnly said: "Will anyone here tonight fight the liquor traffic as my mother fought it—with the Bible and prayer? This matter is in the hands of the women. Who will obey the call?" A trembling woman arose, another, and still others, until seventy women were on their feet—nervous, hesitant, almost frightened—yet anxious to do God's will. "Ladies, pray about this," the lecturer exclaimed—"God's clock has struck the hour!"

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our text is, "and where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Even Cicero realized that the spirit from "above" was a divine spirit and said: "The contemplation of the celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human places and affairs." In the light of that quotation let us go back to our theme and text and tie them up in the mood of our daily meditations.

Dear God of "the spirit above" which is "a spirit of joy," we thank Thee that "there is liberty" in Thee. Amen.

Monday, June 30

READ II COR. 9:15

I never cast a flower away,
A gift of one who cared for me.

—LANDON

IT IS IN that same poetic mood that the writer of Corinthians exclaims, "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift." And while to the lover the unspeakable gift is a flower, to the Christian that unspeakable gift is Christ Jesus—the flower of all life and living.

Dear God of all good and gracious gifts, we thank Thee most of all for the "unspeakable gift of Christ" in our lives. Amen.

THE AXEMEN COMETH

(Continued from page 16)

native soil? I cannot morally consent to proclaim from the pulpit that Gospel of God's love through Christ, then turn away and deny the truth by consenting to someone else's ungodliness by keeping silent. I would sooner stand by and hold a flashlight while a burglar robbed your safe. I cannot, by craven or bought silence, give consent to the assassination of any man's rights in a democratic or Christian society!

Someone in the church suggested, just after the November, 1946, convention of the Baptists in Savannah, that it might be a good thing if the preacher could just go and talk things over with the late Gene Talmadge. Rabun went. He didn't get to do much of the talking, but he listened well as Gene explained that, while the preacher was probably sincere enough, he was also a fool. He was playing straight into the hands of "that gang of professional reformers down in Atlanta. They'll ruin you." According to "Old Gene," the preacher was also offside in thinking that the Negro was a human being. The Negro, according to Gene, was more animal than man; you just couldn't do a thing with him. There were five racial strains in this world, and the Negro was the lowest, the meanest and most hopeless of all. "You can't lift 'em or help 'em; that only makes 'em bigger rascals than ever. Teach 'em to vote? Don't be foolish!"

Rabun didn't argue; what was the use? He smiles when he talks about it now: "Gene didn't say anything that would lead me to change my mind."

Preacher Rabun is no rabble-rouser; he is shouting for no hasty revolution in race relations. He is so slow and deliberate that he is exasperating; he builds his case as a lawyer builds a brief for court; he's interested in facts. Above all, he's sure of the fact that the Negro is being plundered of his rights. Says he:

"Here they are, a million of them in Georgia, paying taxes like all the rest of us, subject to our laws, doing our work and going to our wars—and they aren't even to be allowed to vote! If that isn't taxation without representation, then you tell me what it is. They are guaranteed the rights and privileges of American citizens under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments in the United States Constitution, but what do they actually get? A white primary law! What those politicians are actually doing, of course, is to set up an unconstitutional state government, in a constitutional democracy. They can't possibly win.

"The Negroes are the innocent victims of corrupt politics. The politicians down here are at the old, old game of playing both ends against the middle—the very rich and the very poor against the middle class. The middle class know they're losing; the poor haven't found it out, yet. You see, the rich and influential stand to make a lot of money out of white supremacy politics; one man down here, I'm told, remarked that Gene Talmadge's death cost him a million dollars. They get the political appointments and the jobs; the poor get more poverty. Franklin D. Roosevelt said something once that I can't forget: 'There are many selfish interests which are out to pluck the American eagle in order to feather their own nests.' Think that one over!"

He's often asked: "But are you actually preaching equality with the Negro? Do you want to see your daughter marry a Negro? Don't you know they'd dominate us if they got the vote?"

To which he replies: "What do you mean, equality? There isn't any such thing, actually. Even in the white family there are barriers that never let us be equal—mental barriers, for instance; no two of us are on the same level there. Levels of spiritual insight, of talent, of ability, of adaptability. Certainly I am not asking for that brand of equality. And certainly I don't want one of my little girls to marry a Negro. That results in tragedy, nine times out of ten; even when Roman Catholics marry Protestants, it calls for an almost perfect pair of individuals to make the union a happy one. When you make it a black-and-white marriage, the difficulties involved are tremendous. Nobody

with any sense wants that of course. "But that's not what I'm asking for. I am interested more in opportunity for the Negro than for equality. We make a lot of promises to them—but about the only promise we've ever kept is our promise to vote a white supremacy law; we've taken away their right to vote, and done not a thing to help them, or to make good on our promises. We say in the church that we're interested, of course, in education for the Negro. It's time we stopped playing the hypocrite with that one; it's time we gave them schools to be educated in! The Christian goal is brotherhood, not equality, and there is a fine distinction.

"Look at the situation. There are twelve million Negroes in the United States. Just how many doctors, lawyers, ministers are we helping them to produce, just to take care of their own people? We sit around whispering that 'the Negroes will dominate us if they get the chance.' That's a lot of first-class nonsense. Why, if the leaders of the Negro race—the intelligent lawyers, doctors, ministers, were just to do what must be done for their own people, they'd have the work of a lifetime cut out for them. Negro domination! That's impossible. There are two million whites in Georgia, a million Negroes; are the two million so impotent that they can't hold the reins and drive the horses? They should set the pace of progress, not seek to retard it.

"The Negroes down here don't want to dominate; they just want an honest chance to live like decent human beings. They want the know-how, the tools to work with. They want the Christians who talk of brotherhood to begin to practice it a little! Why is it that we sit in the same theaters with them—they're up in the balcony, yes, but they're still there—in the same buses and railroad cars with them, and yet we chase them away from our white churches, our Jim Crow churches? They cook our food, wash out clothes, tend our children, till our soil, yet in the one place in the community where we admit that we are all equal in the sight of the Lord, we drive them away. I don't believe in that brand of Christianity.

"I believe as thoroughly as the next preacher in the salvation of souls. But I'm a little tired of the idea that we've got to wait until we're all saved before we can do anything about this problem. Non-Christians have too long told Christians, 'It is all right to preach individual salvation, but leave *society* alone,' and gotten by with it. The old claim of the South that 'We'll work this thing out if you just leave us alone,' just isn't working. We've had *plenty* of time to do something about it, and we're worse off now than we have ever been. The 'cracker' political theorists have shoved us back fifty years with their 'white supremacy' law.

Are you in the know?



How would you refuse a date?

- ☐ Brush him off
- ☐ Invent an excuse
- ☐ Say you'll be busy

Ever trip yourself up on your own tall story, after turning down a bid? When refusing a date no fancy excuses needed.



Does this make sense on certain days?

- ☐ No
- ☐ Yes
- ☐ Could be

Gals in-the-know take certain days in stride, but—"fierce fun" doesn't make sense. Why jolt your innards? (There's always the merry-go-round!) Choosing milder amusements is playing safe. Like choosing Kotex. You see, you get extra protection from that exclusive *safety center* of Kotex. And that comfortable Kotex Wonderform Belt lets you bend freely because it's elastic—snug-fitting—non-binding. For confidence that's positively *supersonic*, try Kotex and Kotex Belts!



* U. S. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Just say you'll be busy; then you're in the clear. Never "no" a date merely because it's "that" time of the month. Keep going—*comfortably*—with Kotex, and the softness that stays faithfully yours. For Kotex is made to *stay soft while you wear it*. And those special *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines!



For a too-broad nose, better—

- ☐ Clamp a clothespin on it
- ☐ Eye-shadow the sides
- ☐ Widen your brows

If you guessed this one, you're up on your grooming! And on difficult days, score yourself a plus if you never need guess about sanitary protection. For that means you depend on Kotex—knowing there's a Kotex napkin exactly suited to your own special needs. Yes, only Kotex comes in 3 sizes: Regular, Junior and Super Kotex. Three smart ways to improve your confidence. (Smart as widening your brows to improve that too-broad nose!)

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"To my way of thinking, the churches will have to get busy. Too many of us in the pulpit are so much interested in expediency that we just don't mention the color problem. Too many of us have been catering to the so-called 'cream of society' instead of ministering to the salt of the earth—and the cream has soured and the salt has lost its savor. We have been attempting to plow a straight furrow by looking behind us at 'where we have been,' not at 'where we are going.'"

"We've sidestepped again the old, old question, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' I believe we are just that, and that we must begin to accept its implications. The hour is much too late in history for further quibbling. Our sands of time are running out. I believe that pulpits must take a more aggressive and progressive stand against this intolerance of one man for another, that we must preach and teach Christ's way more fearlessly. If we all do that, we will have *nothing to fear*. 'Perfect love casteth out fear.' The Church just isn't practicing what it preaches; it isn't pounding at the message entrusted to it. We have numbers in the Church, but not power; we've sold that power for a mess of popular pottage."

It is strong talk, and the response to it has been strong. People either want to kiss him or kill him; there aren't any neutrals. One irate Georgian wired him: "We'd like to know when you were elected God, and by whom?" A lawyer wired: "Keep fighting. So persecuted they the prophets." A Roman Catholic, the Right Reverend R. J. Mullin, S. J., of Macon, cried: "Pax Christi! It's a manly stand against the caricaturing of democracy." The Protestant Episcopal bishop suggested that Rabun might feel at home among the Episcopalians, in case the Baptists consigned him to outer darkness: "I congratulate you on your enemies." A Georgian ex-Marine wrote, "Once more the Corps can rack up another tradition." The (Negro) president of the African M. E. Ministers' Union in Atlanta calls him "the symbol of the highest type of Christian courage in the Christian tradition." One man sent him a check to cover his moving expenses when the axe fell; he sent it back.

THE COMMON PEOPLE hear him gladly; we talked with Negroes who wouldn't talk until they were sure we weren't Southern, and then they swore Rabun was the finest man, black or white, they had ever known! We talked with poor whites and middle-class whites and intelligentsia whites who "reckoned he was right, maybe." The preachers, by and large, are for him, whether they dare say so or not, and it's a bit surprising to hear so many of them say so. The newspapermen say he would have been a good Westbrook Pegler; blunt "Pop" Smith, editor of the

Macon News, says: "It was left to Joe Rabun to show us the way... The trouble with both preachers and editors is not so much indifference as it is the real lack of courage and the fear of consequences. As a result of Joe Rabun's appearance before the state legislature, where he delivered an impassioned plea against the passage of the White Primary Bill, thousands of Georgians rallied behind the fearless preacher. Largely, we believe, Joe Rabun supplied the inspiration that caused Governor Thompson to kill the iniquitous legislation."

When Gene Talmadge died, they held his funeral in the McRae Baptist Church. It was quite a funeral; thousands who hadn't been near the church for years crowded the sanctuary and stood in the streets outside. There was a wreath from a "K.K.K.K.", whatever that is, and "messages" from important people. Rabun almost didn't get into his own church for that funeral; the "Committee on Arrangements" ignored him. They asked the Methodist preacher across the street to come, but when that preacher discovered Rabun had been left out, he threatened to stay away too, making it plain that Rabun's sentiments were his sentiments too. That was bad; it would mean that neither of the two preachers in Gene's own town would be at his burying. So they let Rabun read the Scriptures.

It didn't bother Rabun; he talked about it quite calmly as we sat before the log fire in the parsonage. He talked about the whole business as a coach would talk about a baseball game, discussing maneuvers, figuring out the next move. To Rabun, it's a game for high stakes; he's figured all the chances, and he's going at it like a man who has made up his mind. He told us as we sat there that he could remember hearing his old father threaten to shoot any "----- Nigger" who might dare knock on his front door. "Young Joe" never quite saw it that way. While we talked, there was a knock on his front door; he got up, let in three colored men, shook hands with them and talked with them, man to man, for an hour. Nobody in the room was color conscious. When they were leaving he told them he would be glad to come and preach in their church, and he told us there would probably be trouble, "if anybody happened to see them come in. This isn't done much in McRae. But—so what? Any man who knocks on my door is a man, until he proves otherwise. There's an inherent dignity in all men..."

Someday the axemen will come knocking. It won't matter. He'll treat them the same way. All that matters is that when he was younger, he swore that "If I ever get a chance to take a shot at the black bogey that has the South half scared to death, I'll take it." His chance has come, and he's making the most of it.

NIGHT WIND

(Continued from page 18)

her preacher here last night?" he demanded.

"I didn't know *when* they'd come." Martha stepped past him to the chest of drawers and reached for the photograph sitting there. "Wake, look!"

It was the same frame, but not the same picture. The girl in this one was Peg. The man—Wake looked long and hard at him—was a tall, husky, well-built young fellow in waders and a fishing coat. When Wake had studied the smiling face, he scowled at the penciled date on the margin—it was a month old—and then stared popeyed at the trout in the boy's hand.

It was bigger than the one on the wall. A good half-pound bigger. It was the biggest handsomest brook trout Wake Peters had ever seen.

"If you'd been of a mind to listen," Martha said calmly, "I could have told you a thing or two. I might even have told you they were going to the lake for their honeymoon. Wake, your hot cakes will be stone cold."

Wake Peters followed her downstairs and sat to his breakfast without a word. But behind the gray glint in his eyes lay indecision. He could hold his own with a hurricane, but this was something else again. At last he said:

"You suppose those kids will need a guide up there at the lake?"

"Maybe, if he didn't stay too long."

"Isn't a guide up there," Wake said, "knows how to fish that lake right. I'll get my gear."

Martha finished wiping the frying pan. "Your things," she said, "are in the car."

At the front door he paused, awkwardly, and put his arm around her. The hotel sign creaked mournfully over their heads. Martha looked up.

"Wake, that sign's about done for, don't you think? We had a pretty strong wind last night."

After a while Wake Peters nodded. "Strong enough," he conceded. "I'll get a new one."

A HOME FOR MISS HARRIET

(Continued from page 37)

then they came home again. Harriet weighed less than one hundred now. Isabel looked quite well, but she wasn't. The strain of this last sickness of Harriet's had taken more of her strength than she knew. One morning the folks in the community heard it with unbelieving ears: *Isabel* had left them, in the night!

All the arrangements were carried out. Miss Harriet was stunned, but she went through it. She kept saying, "It should have been *me*." The people in the community said, "How will she ever manage, without Isabel?" She never

(Continued on page 55)

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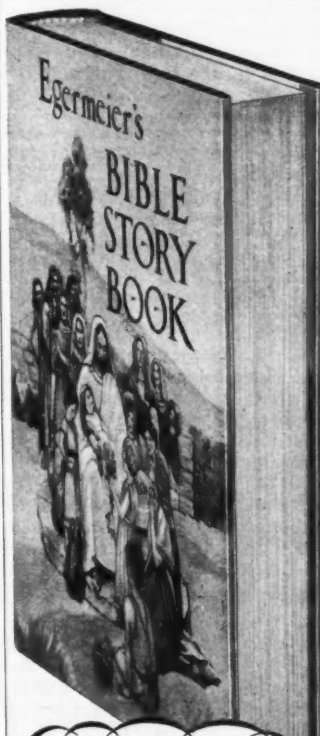
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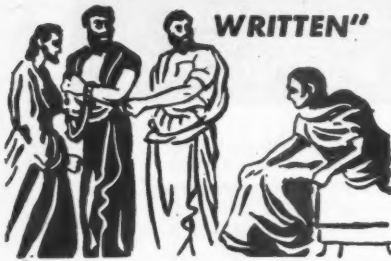
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The Spice of Life

Style Note

"What happened? Why have you got that bandage over your forehead?"

"That isn't a bandage. That's my new hat."

—Dublin Opinion.

Rarely Gifted

"Your husband seems to be a man of rare gifts."

"I'll say he is—he hasn't given me one since we were married."

—McCall Spirit.

Pointed Paragraphs

If you want to live to see ninety, don't keep looking for it on the speedometer.

It is estimated that there are over 1,000,000 American women overweight—round figures, of course.

—Lookout.

Striking Facts

Policeman: "Did you see the number of the car that knocked you down madam?"

Woman: "No, but the woman in it wore a black turban trimmed in red. And her coat was imitation fur."

—Exchange.

Don't Marry Young!

Milly: "Men age so much more rapidly than women."

Billy: "I suppose that accounts for the fact that by the time a man is rich enough to be a girl's husband he is old enough to be her father."

—Watchman-Examiner.

They Laughed . . .

He: "When I sat down to play the piano, they laughed."

She: "Why?"

He: "There was no piano stool there."

—Selected.

All the World's a Stage

Two people in the balcony were talking earnestly and completely ignoring the stage. The man immediately behind endured them for some time, but at length he became very annoyed.

Leaning forward, he touched the man on the shoulder.

"Excuse me," he said with exaggerated politeness, "but would you mind repeating that last remark? I couldn't hear it for the noise they were making on the stage."

—Glasgow Bulletin.

He Said a Mouthful

The two travellers had wandered far from civilization and had fallen into the hands of a savage chief. The day following their capture the chief ordered them to go out and gather fruit.

The first returned, bearing a plentiful supply of grapes.

The chief commanded him to swallow them whole.

The traveller burst into laughter, and

the chief demanded to know the reason. "Sorry," apologized the prisoner. "I was just thinking of my pal. He's bringing coconuts."

—Colgate Bante.

Fun is Where You Find It

"What time did you say the next train comes in?" asked the small boy of the family waiting in the little station.

"I've told you it comes in at 4:44 half a dozen times," the elderly station agent answered impatiently. "Can't you remember that?"

"Oh, I can remember the time all right," said the little rascal, "I just like to see your whiskers wobble when you say '4-44.'"

—Hardware World (Canada).

Cautious

The mule was trying the old farmer's patience. Repeatedly, the long-eared animal would start cautiously, take a few steps, and then stop.

A passer-by paused to watch the slow process.

"Looks to me," he said, "as if that mule is balky."

The farmer shook his head.

"No, he's a first-class mule," he replied. "But he's so afraid I'll say, 'Whoa' and he won't hear me, that he stops every now and then to listen."

—Lookout.

Fool the Public

A man was waiting for a streetcar. A newsboy was trying to sell him a paper. The man didn't want one. He became exasperated.

"Listen," he said, "I can't read."

The newsboy lowered his voice.

"Buy it anyway and stick it in your pocket, chum," he said. "Then people won't know how dumb you are."

—Watchman-Examiner.



Chydre Sigma

"Feel of those eggs, Jim, and see if they're cool enough to sell!"

(Continued from page 53)

could have managed, alone; she was so old and tired and weak now that she could hardly get up mornings. The preachers' wives began dropping in "just to say hello," but actually to do whatever had to be done around the apartment. Over them all hung the rule of the community: when one dies, the other must move. There was no place, no dormitory for widows, widowers—or a sister left completely alone. They wondered where frail Harriet would go now.

It was one of those situations that keep us awake nights—one of those problems without a solution. Had it happened in one of those "strictly business" old-folks homes, we hate to think of what might have happened—but Memorial Home Community isn't one of those homes. Everybody wondered—and everybody was thinking, "Will she have to leave?" That was the rule. . . .

But rules, in such a Christian commonwealth, are made to be broken. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, there just isn't any question about it; the widow or the widower takes it for granted, and keeps the rule. But—here was one with no relatives, no children, no friends beyond the community. It didn't take very long; it was quickly decided that, for the time being, Miss Harriet must stay.

You could almost hear the silent cheers; it was like the sun breaking through the clouds after weeks of storm. But somehow—we couldn't get out of our minds the fact that there were others besides Miss Harriet who needed just such consideration. Others who one day would have to move. Some have children to look out for them. Some do not. It seemed as though we had managed to lay down the cruelest rule in the universe when we ruled that one must move.

We walked across the green lawns, watching the redbirds scamper among the palm trees—they are bits of fire flashing. The sun was warm and the flowers were bright, but . . . We walked over to one corner of the sixty acres of heaven and looked at the spot of ground set aside for the new big building that is being planned—the combination dormitory for the single folks and the infirmary for the sick. Miss Harriet might have used that infirmary to good advantage, but it wasn't there. And we thought to ourselves that it should have been there—that it must be there before another home missionary or parson or parson's wife, who has given all there is in them to give for the Kingdom of God, could come to such an hour.

Every time we go down there, the folks ask us: "When do we start the building?" And the answer is always, "Soon. . . soon." If we ever wanted to keep a promise, we want to keep that one—and with your help we will.

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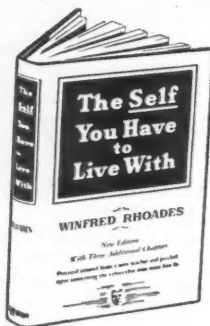
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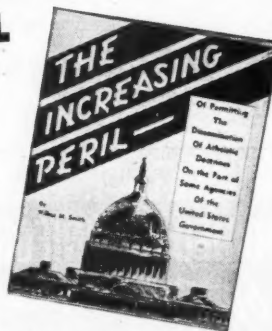
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OF GUILT AND HOPE, by Martin Niemoeller. (Philosophical Library, 79 pp., \$2.00) The title is the book and the book is an Amos-like message for these times.

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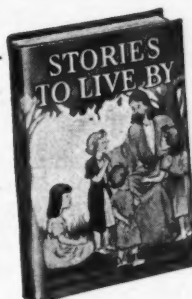
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PATTERN FOR A HEART

(Continued from page 30)

Even Aunt Mittie grudgingly admitted this difference. "It don't look like other quilts," she said. "We must be careful who we get to quilt, so as not to spoil it."

Lyle was inclined to laugh at it. "Of all the silly things," he mocked. "Cutting up good materials only to sew them back together!"

"But they fit together and make a lovely pattern," she said earnestly, putting blocks down by her side to illustrate. "See how the design works? It's lovely."

"You're lovely," he declared, flicking a little curl that clung to her forehead.

Always when he came upon her working on a block, she marked that one in her heart as a bright memory of him. Afterwards she was able to pick them out from the others. Here he had told her she was beautiful; here, that her eyes were like forest pools fringed with a dark ring of fern; here, that her hair was a bright web of sunshine.

Hilda, when she saw Rachel's quilt, was generous. "It is much lovelier than mine," she said. "I have never seen one like it. I know women who would pay any price you care to name, if it turns out the way I think it will."

"I wouldn't want to sell it," Rachel said quickly.

Hilda looked at her keenly. And then she said: "Did you know I have a new rug in my spare room? It came from Lyle's board money."

"I thought—" Rachel stopped quickly.

"I know. Everyone thinks he's being paid. Aunt Hortense wanted him to have a summer in the country, doing some real work. He's always been so careless and heedless, she thought it would be good for him. So Jess and I talked it over, and we decided to let him come. He doesn't know his mother is paying part; he thinks he's really earning his way—"

Rachel said nothing, continuing to set fine even stitches on the bright block in her hands.

"I must say," Hilda went on, "that he's doing—well, better than we had expected."

The piece under Rachel's fingers took on, suddenly, more glowing colors. But all she said was: "When we quilt, will you help? I'm asking only the best."

The days slipped by until it was the last of August. The quilt was all finished and in the frame, waiting for the women who were coming in the next day to quilt it.

Rachel was sitting on the porch to rest, after getting ready for the quilters—cleaning the house until no one could find so much as a speck of dirt, cooking pies and cakes and ham and chickens and salads so that none could find fault with the food. Aunt Mittie would have things perfect, down to the last polished doorknob and the final frosting on the angel cake.

Rachel wore a blue housedress and her hair was arranged into two thick braids that hung across her shoulders so that she looked like a little girl. The breeze was cool and welcome to her face, after the heat of the day, and she closed her eyes.

"What, not quilting?" a voice said at her elbow. "I thought you slept with a block in your hand!"

Rachel moved over to make room for him at her side in the swing. "It's finished," she told him.

A little shiver ran through her, like Aunt Mittie said you had when someone walked over your grave.

"You're a funny little thing," he said, laughing, "shivering when the first little fall breeze hits you. What will you do when winter comes?"

He took her hands, cradled them in his warm ones. "At that, though, it's time to be getting cool. Almost the end of August. I was thinking of that today. Soon be school bells for me again."

Rachel caught her breath from some deep well of pain within her heart. "Yes," she whispered. "Yes—"

Lyle looked at her quickly. "You darling," he said and laughed. "I believe you're really going to miss me. Rachel—sweet—"

He was still laughing a little when she kissed her.

RACHEL SET fine stitches into the pattern of her quilt, her face a frozen mask. Miss Ella Marberry said, "What's the matter, child? Are you sick or something?"

Yes, what was wrong, the others chimed in. Only Hilda said nothing. She knew. She it was who brought the message. She saw the memory of last night burning like a bright banner in Rachel's face, and she called the girl away from the others to say: "Lyle left this morning, Rachel. He asked me to say good-by for him, and to say it was nice knowing you this summer."

Rachel raised her eyes to Hilda's, and the other woman put her arms suddenly around her. "I—I wouldn't feel so bad if I were you, Rachel," she said gently. "This was the way it—it had to be."

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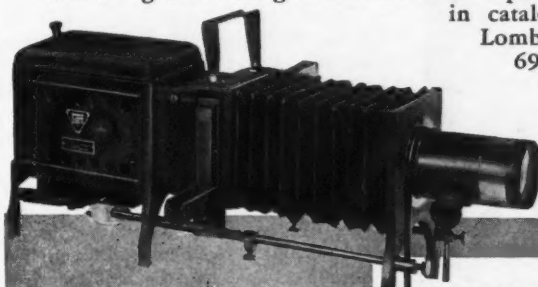
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"Thank you, Hilda," Rachel said quietly. She went back to the quilting party with a frozen, empty face. All that day she worked calmly. When the quilting was finally finished, she put it far back on the top shelf of the spare-room closet, where she need never look at it again.

If Rachel thought to keep the quilt out of her sight, she was to be disappointed. For word had got round about it—Miss Ella and the Finleys had talked—and scarcely a day passed that someone did not come especially to see the miracle wrought by the girl's clever fingers.

"It is beautiful," they would say. "Beautiful. It should go to the Fair, come November. There are town women who would pay 'most anything you want to ask, when it goes up for sale the last day."

"It's not for sale," Rachel said sharply.

She said that, not knowing about Aunt Mittie. Lately the girl had come to know a great tenderness for the crabbed old woman. Nobody had ever loved her. No one had ever held her close, sighing "Sweet-sweet—" against her hair. Aunt Mittie had nothing to remember, either of pain or of joy. And now Aunt Mittie was sick.

Rachel came upon the knowledge suddenly, only to meet sharp denial at first. "Nothing the matter with me," the old woman snapped. "I won't coddle myself."

But the doctor, when Rachel called him in, was grave. "An operation," he advised.

"And what am I to use for money?" Aunt Mittie cackled. "Buttons?"

Rachel knew, suddenly and with great certainty, where the money would come from. The words of Hilda, of the neighbors, came back to her: "... town women ... pay anything you ask. ..."

"I'll send for Phil," she told herself. "When he goes to enter his things at the Fair, he can take the quilt as well."

Phil came, as always when she had need for him. The goodness of Phil in the two months since Lyle had left had been a thing past all believing. Nearly every day he came on some pretext or other—did Aunt Mittie have apples enough for butter; was the corn gathering going smoothly; did the hired hand know how to fix the lamb's winter shelter? Once there, he would stay to chat with the two women, filling in the bleak loneliness that must come before even Aunt Mittie's sober habits could admit it was bedtime. Sometime he would ask casually if Rachel would like to go to this or that affair—the social at the school, a party, the church supper. Usually Rachel would go, simply and without comment.

"There is no finer man living than Phil," Hilda once said.

"No," Rachel agreed. "That's true." Nor was there. Only, it was as she

had always sensed in her heart, had known with great sureness since the first time Lyle smiled down into her eyes: *there was no sending the heart of you where the head said it should go.* You could not plan your life like a quilt, working out a design that someone else said was right and true. Phil was good and kind, and she felt in her own heart the hurt he knew because of her. But she could not make herself feel differently about him.

"If you—if you could change your mind about taking me, Rachel," he said diffidently. "I will always feel the same about you—"

"I am sorry, Phil," she said gently. "Don't waste your time on me. Go find someone else who is good enough for you—"

"I'll never change," he told her stubbornly. "I want only you."

It was a good love he felt—strong, steadfast, earnest, and kind. Foolish she was to be eating her heart out for the kind that laughed, even when he held her close. That was a careless love and did not last. It left you with no warning, and then you heard no more from it, unless someone who knew was kind enough to bring you news.

"**LYLE** is no longer in school," Hilda said carelessly one day. "His mother is sorry that he quit, but he is interested in—other things."

She watched Rachel out of the corner of her eyes, but the girl's face was still.

"That is too bad," she said quietly.

Phil was surprised at her wish to show the quilt. He had guessed what it meant to her, that it would be the very heart of her hung there on the wall for the crowds to gape at, for the town women to make sharp, greedy cries over. Rachel did not tell him of Aunt Mittie's need. It would be like him to find some pretext for getting the money himself, rather than to let her sell the quilt. So all she told him was that she had decided to exhibit it.

"Hilda thinks I can win a prize," she said.

"Do you want to go with me to see that it is hung properly?" he asked, taking the bundle from her.

"No—there will be people there who will do that. I may go with you to pick it up the last day."

So she stayed home and it was Miss Ella Marberry who brought the news of the prize. "It has the blue ribbon," she cried. "There must be a hundred there, but the blue ribbon is on yours. It would do your heart good, hearing the town women talk about it. There'll be some sharp bidding, come selling day. Mind what I tell you!"

"Rachel's quilt is not for sale," Aunt Mittie snapped.

Rachel waited, as she had said, until the last day, and then she drove to town with Phil.

"You'll be wanting to go see that blue ribbon of yours first, I venture," he said. "It's a fine sight, all right."

"You have seen it?" she asked. "Every day," he told her.

She could not speak, thinking of him standing watching the quilt that was her record of her great love for another.

"This is a big day for me too, Rachel," he said. "I have the last two hundred dollars in my pocket for the down payment on the Morley place. Once it is in his hands, I can move in."

"Oh, that is wonderful, Phil," she said warmly, knowing how long he had wanted this land—what days and nights of labor and self-denial the money meant.

"There's a stout new house on the land," he said. "Rachel, you couldn't—"

"No, Phil," she said. "I'm sorry—"

He left her at the door of the Fine Arts Building. "I'll be back later," he told her. "Wait for me by the quilt."

THERE was a crowd there when Rachel came to it. The selling was just ready to begin.

"The blue ribbon one!" a babble of voices was crying. "Sell it first—"

And then Rachel saw Lyle. The world rocked around her. Impulsively she started toward him, and then stopped short at the sight of the girl beside him. A town girl she was, small and finely made. She wore such clothes as only a town girl could wear. Her hands looked very small in their fine kid gloves. And her eyes were hard and selfish, like marbles.

"I want it," she cried. "I'm going to have it. Make them let me have it, Lyle!"

She wanted the quilt! Rachel grew sick with the knowledge. There was another fact, as well, that hurt like a knife in her heart. This woman with Lyle—he was in love with her. You could feel it in the way he looked at her, as if there was no one else in all the crowd but the two of them. Across the heads of the others he saw Rachel and smiled at her, a little absent-mindedly, as if for a moment he had trouble remembering who she was.

"Oh, hello Rachel," he said. "So it's your quilt she wants. I'd thought all along I'd seen it somewhere before." To the auctioneer he said, "Fifty!"

The bids came like a shower of hail on Aunt Mittie's tin roof. Not easily would the other women give up the blue-ribbon quilt they had watched so greedily all Fair week. "Fifty-five," they cried. "Sixty-sixty-five—sixty-seven—seventy—"

"Lyle," the girl's petulant voice broke in. "Don't let them have it. I want it for the four-poster. The one you said looked like a wreck from the junk pile—"

They are going to be married, Rachel thought. She'll put that quilt in their house and they'll stand together looking

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at it, never knowing it was torn from the heart and dreams of me.

From the back of the room there came a new voice, firm and distinct. "One hundred dollars," it said.

Without turning, Rachel knew who it was. Phil.

"One twenty-five," Lyle said calmly.

An uneasy buzz ran through the crowd. This thing had never happened before—two men bidding on a quilt. That was women's ways.

It was like some dark nightmare, like wanting to wake up but being held fast in its grip. Lyle bidding on a quilt that was made through dreams of him—only wanting it to give to another girl. Phil, willing to sacrifice the thing he wanted most in the world to buy back for Rachel her memory of another man. It must stop.

"One eighty-five—"

"One ninety—"

"Stop!" Rachel called, finding her voice at last. "Stop, I say. It's my quilt, and I guess I should have something to say about who it goes to. I want it to go to Mr. Lyle Parker for one eighty, if he's still a-mind to pay that much."

THEY RODE ALONG together, Phil and Rachel, saying no word to each other. Phil's face showed white and tired in the dusk; on Rachel's there was a strange new look.

"You are thinking I acted queer there at the Fair," she said.

"I did not think you wanted the quilt to come into her hands," he said.

"You would have used your land payment to keep her from having it?" she said softly.

"That did not matter," Phil's voice rose sharply. "Nothing mattered, save you did not want *her* to have it. I did not know what pushed you into selling

it, but I knew I must save it if I could."

"It was for Aunt Mittie," she explained. "I did not know, then, what else would come of it—that I should come to know my own heart as well."

"What do you mean?" he asked her quickly.

"I mean," she began slowly, for words do not come easily to farm folk, especially words that tell of what lies deepest in the heart. Town people can laugh when they love, but that is not the country way. "I mean that, seeing you willing to give up your dearest wish for my sake, I knew what hearts are like. They are like quilts. They may be all cut to pieces and torn, like quilt pieces, so that you think they are ruined past all mending. Then comes the day when you take the pieces and shape them into a new pattern, and you find it is more beautiful than ever the whole piece was. I saw this, Phil, and all at once I knew the new pattern I want to shape my heart by."

"Rachel—!" Pain and protest were in his voice, and the beginning of a new, high hope.

Gladness beat high in her heart, spilled over into her voice, so that there was no doubt in the mind of either concerning the thing she wanted to tell him.

"Phil," she said, "I'm starting a wedding-ring quilt tomorrow. How do you think it would look on the spare-room bed at the Morley house?"

Answers To "Who Asked Whom?"

(Bible Quiz on page 24)

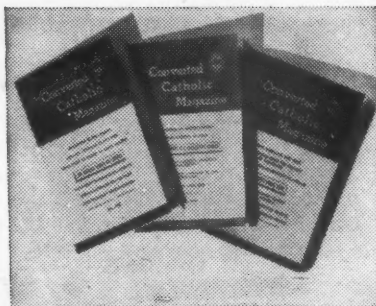
- 1—The Lord to Satan, Job 1:7.
- 2—The Lord to Adam, Gen. 3:9.
- 3—Jesus to Peter, John 21:22.
- 4—The Lord to Elijah, I Kings 19:9.
- 5—Saul of Tarsus to the Lord, Acts 9:6.
- 6—Jesus to the Pharisees, Mk. 12:16.
- 7—The Israelites to Moses, Ex. 15:24.
- 8—Pharaoh to Jacob, Gen. 47:8.
- 9—Philip to the Ethiopian, Acts 8:30.
- 10—Isaiah to King Hezekiah, II Kings 20:15.
- 11—The disciples to Jesus, Mt. 24:3.
- 12—The Emmaus disciples to each other, Luke 24:32.
- 13—Samuel to people of Israel, I Sam. 12:3.
- 14—The angel to Jacob, Gen. 32:27.
- 15—The Lord to Jonah, Jonah 4:4.
- 16—Philippian jailor to Paul, Acts 16:30.
- 17—The Lord to Moses, Ex. 4:2.
- 18—The Lord to Saul of Tarsus, Acts 9:4.
- 19—The king to Queen Esther, Esth. 7:2.
- 20—The chief captain to Paul, Acts 22:27.

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WHERE TWO WAYS MET

(Continued from page 22)

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, "I can see what you mean. But that too can be changed. In fact, I'll have my lawyer go over the whole thing and get this matter made entirely clear. You and I can check them again and see if you find any further objection, before you sign. Suppose, if you have no other engagement, you come over to my home for dinner Saturday night. Then we can talk further about this, and get better acquainted. Right?"

"Right," Paige replied.

PAIGE MADISON was not altogether unaware of what was required of a house guest in his new employer's home. At the appointed dinner hour, he drove the old family car to a garage not too far from the pretentious mansion for which he was bound, and strode out boldly into the darkness. He had well calculated his time. Dinner was at seven-thirty. He stepped into the Chalmers' door a full minute before the costly clock chime in the hall pealed out the hour.

The young man went through the introductions to the family with a dignity and quiet poise that astonished the girl Reva. She didn't understand it. He didn't look old enough to be so grave and thoughtful.

He had not been much attracted by Reva, and beyond the mere courtesies of the occasion paid little attention to her, which of course did not add to his popularity with the girl. She was not accustomed to being ignored, and before the meal was concluded had determined that this sort of thing should not go on. She began by firing questions at him about the war, where he had been located, what his rank and duties had been.

At first Madison's answers were exceedingly brief, but Reva refused to let him evade anything she really wanted to know, until at last her father caught a phrase from the young man's words and chimed in with his own questions, and at last they got him started telling of some of his experiences.

Mr. Chalmers was a sharp man and knew how to ask questions, knew the names of the big men in the army and navy, knew the location of the strategic points where notable fighting had been, and drew out Paige to tell his experiences.

For once Reva was silenced. She sat watching the young man with astonishment in her face. He was good looking, of course, and that was what had appealed to her in him at first, but he didn't respond in the least to her, and she couldn't quite make it out. She set her vivid red lips determinedly.

Quite willingly Paige withdrew into

the library with his new boss and entered into matters of business, matters which had been carefully planned beforehand, with the intent to impress him with the benevolent character and spiritual-mindedness of his new employer.

"You know, you have all classes to deal with in a business like this," Chalmers was saying, "and you have to learn to be all things to all men. That's where you come in. It will be your job to be both firm and courteous. Kid 'em along, you know, till you make them see they can't play their game with us. We mean business, and if they don't come to time according to agreement we'll take their property away from them."

The steady, searching eyes of Paige Madison were on his face and he had an inkling that it was going to take some explaining before he had this young man educated in the ways of the wary world. Steady eyes that saw through evasions and clever devices, and objected to anything that was not in the open clearly. Chalmers was just beginning to feel that he was getting somewhere with this explanation, just getting hold of the right words to express what he wanted to say, when Reva barged into the room. Chalmers frowned at his daughter.

"Now, dad, you needn't send me out, for I won't go! You made me give up

TEAR OR CUT ON THIS LINE

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Dear Reader:

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two most important engagements to stay at home and meet your new assistant, and now you get stuffy and take him off into another room with the door shut, and that's not fair. I demand that you come out and be interesting! We've got a bridge game ready, and we need you both."

Paige Madison gave a furtive glance at his wrist watch. "I'm sorry," he said, "I don't play bridge."

"Reva, you'll simply have to stop annoying us," her father said. "We are talking business, and it's quite important. Run out now and shut the door."

"Indeed, no!" said the girl sharply. "You asked me to be here to dinner to entertain your guest, and you've got to keep your part of the contract. If you can't make your guest come and play bridge, then what will you do? We might have some music. Perhaps he sings?" She gave a sharp look at the young man. "I'm sure you could give us some samples of the kind of song you used to sing in the army?"

"No," said Paige, "I'm not a singer."

"Well, then, why don't you ask me to play? I can play myself. At least I've had enough expensive lessons to be able to amuse you a little."

Suddenly Mr. Chalmers rose and spoke sharply. "That will do, Reva. You go in the other room for half an hour, and then we'll come out. Now go!"

"Unh-unh!" said the girl. "I'm not letting you off for any half hour. You can do your talking down at the office tomorrow. I claim tonight as mine!" She twined a wheedling arm in her father's until she actually forced him to go with her, and Paige, of course, had to follow. Whereupon the girl took charge of the arrangements. She seated Paige quite near the piano and asked what he wanted her to play.

Paige responded politely, asking her to choose what it should be, and she proceeded to play, not so well but not so badly, and as she played he studied her. She was pretty and graceful, yes, and he wondered at himself that he was not attracted by her, not flattered at her efforts to interest him.

Suddenly she tried another line: "Let's go over to a night club and have a little time of it," she said, gay as a child asking a favor. "I'm bored to death, and so are you. You might as well admit it. We can take my car."

Paige gave her a swift, comprehensive look, and then with a glance at the great clock which was ticking away across the room he said: "Sorry to have to be saying no all the time, but, you see, those things wouldn't interest me. And besides, I must be getting home. I'm a working man, remember, and I have to be at my desk in the morning. It's too bad I have to be so unsatisfactory, but that's how it is. Thank you

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

very much for exerting yourself to be entertaining."

He rose from his seat and began to excuse himself and say goodnight. But even then she didn't give up. She followed him to the hall, and with her loveliest smile offered:

"I'll drive you home if you like. That will be easier than taking the bus."

"Thank you," he answered coolly, "I have my own car down the street."

"Oh!" she said with a crestfallen pout. "You don't like me, do you?"

He gave her a boyish grin with a lifting of his eyebrows. "I didn't say that, did I? I scarcely know you."

And then he was gone.

(To be continued)

The Tulips Moved in First

(Continued from page 33)

Hardly realizing the chain of thought, we began looking tentatively for a house. There was nothing self-willed or determined about the search. It had on it, in fact, the signature of the "still, small voice" as do all human deeds which are being directed by God. There was not a great deal of human rationalizing or argument about it . . . only an almost childlike awareness that we *could* have a house, if we would accept it for good purpose. As if Something had given us permission now to find our home.

The transaction came about very simply. Every step of it opened before our feet, and when the deal was consummated it was as satisfactory for the owners, who no longer needed the house, as it is for us, who do need it.

The broker said, "Now we must go into thirty-day escrow." Then he explained the process which is customary in our state. "That means that though the house is unoccupied, you can't take possession for thirty days, while the deed is being searched, and the boundaries are being checked."

"But meantime, even though we can't move in ourselves," I heard myself saying, "we have some tulips . . . We'd like those to move in immediately. I'd like to plant them tomorrow."

And as I heard myself saying that, I realized in a blaze of understanding how all this had come about. Love *had* given the gift. Love *had* "prepared a table in the presence of our enemies"—those undeclared enemies called postponement and shortage and lack. Once again the royal genius of giving *had* formed a royal receiving.

If we think of worldliness as being strong, and of spirituality as being secondary, we have missed the meaning of life. Spirit is the only power. We can recognize that, and can act upon it.

There will be tulips blooming in my garden for many years, to remind me of that truth. And if you have read this far, there will be tulips blooming in your mind to remind you.



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PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Film Reviews and Ratings by the
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AMONG the literati there is quite a consensus of opinion that the first portion of "Great Expectations" is probably the best thing Dickens ever wrote. Less known than some of his other works, this novel, now screened by Cineguild—and screened well—should stimulate popular interest in the great master of English literature. Produced in Britain and released in the United States through Universal-International, the story really comes to life under the expert direction of David Lean.

"Great Expectations" is pure Dickens, with only minor adjustments made in the plot in order to condense it to motion picture length. The Dickens enthusiast will recognize here all the famous characters, all the tender appeal, pathos and comedy he has been conditioned to expect from his favorite author. Even he who has achieved merely such a nodding acquaintance with Dickens as one receives in a cursory (and enforced) reading of "David Copperfield" and "Tale of Two Cities" while in high school, will be delighted to meet this new and entertaining group of Dickensian people. Only those who care not a whit for strong screen characterization, and vital human drama interlarded with suspense, will be bored.

This is the story of Pip, the orphan boy, and his progress from childhood in the home of kindly Joe Gargery and Joe's virago of a wife to the status of London "gentleman." It is the story of Pip's meeting with a fugitive convict and how his befriending of Magwitch pays off in future years. It is the story of the rich and eccentric recluse, Miss Haversham, who was jilted on her wedding day and for decades has hated men with an insane venom, and who instills in young Estella that same bitterness. And it is the story of all these lives crossing and re-crossing, like a weaver's shuttle, until each has had a part in the human pattern that is Pip.

Achieved in the process of the story's development are strong artistic effects in the setting of moods through music and the expert photographic treatment of lights and shadows. Incidentally, one picks up here—as he does in all of Dickens' works—a great deal of understanding of social conditions

"Great Expectations"



Pip, the orphan boy hero of Dickens' novel, visits for the first time the eccentric Miss Haversham in the cluttered old mansion which she has kept the same as on the day when, many years before, she was "left at the altar."

in the England of the mid-nineteenth century, conditions against which Dickens waged a most effective crusade with his mightier-than-the-sword pen.

We need a picture like this to help us appreciate the literature which is the common heritage of all English-speaking peoples. It is encouraging to learn that this film will not only get a general showing in theaters across the country but that a manual based on it is now in preparation for use in high-school English classes. **A, Y, C**

OTHER CURRENT FILMS

Audience Suitability Ratings:

A—Adults; **Y**—Young people 12 to 18;
C—Children under 12.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Except where so stated, these reviews are not to be construed as endorsements, either of specific films or of movie-going in general. They are for the guidance of readers who attend motion pictures, not inducements to those who do not. The "suitability" classification, moreover, is not a guarantee the film is without fault; it is merely a guide.

CARNEGIE HALL (United Artists). The story of an ambitious mother who devotes her life to her son's musical future, sees her dreams go a-glimmering when he rejects classicism for the modern idiom, and finally rejoices when he achieves "Carnegie recognition" in his chosen field of musical expression. Many famous artists—such as Damrosch, Walter, Pons, Stevens, Rubinstein, Heifetz and Stokowski, as well as the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra—contribute to make this an unforgettable musical presentation. It is only regrettable that a more complete picture of American musical genius is not given through the inclusion of some of our great American Negro artists. **A, Y, C**

IT HAPPENED ON FIFTH AVENUE (Allied Artists). When Victor Moore, as a philosophical old "knig't of the road,"

makes himself and his dog at home in a boarded-up Fifth Avenue mansion, and then begins to take in "guests" right and left, some highly amusing situations develop. Among his guests are an evicted veteran, some homeless ex-servicemen and their families, a young girl looking for a job (who turns out to be the owner's daughter), the owner himself (Charles Ruggles) and eventually his estranged wife. Highly entertaining and well acted. **A, Y, C**

MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE (Paramount). Designed as a humorous skit on murder stories, this presents the irrepressible Bob Hope in a mystery to end all mysteries, with Dorothy Lamour providing the "brunette" accents. Hope fans will find it as hilarious as it is harmless. **A, Y, C**

THE ARNELO AFFAIR (MGM). Well-told tale of what happens when the unintentional indifference of a husband leads his wife to seek attention elsewhere. Not a pleasant theme, but one which might well serve as a danger signal to thoughtless husbands and wives. **A**

SEVEN WERE SAVED (Paramount). Gripping story of heroism on a raft tossed about in the China Sea. Well portrayed are the desperate anxieties as well as the moments of spiritual exultation when prayer and hymn-singing unite a group dominated by tensions and fears. Dramatic and realistic, with outstanding photography. **A, Y**

IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN (MGM). Entertaining romantic musical comedy, with Frank Sinatra, Jimmy Durante, Kathryn Grayson and Peter Lawford getting in some good licks for brotherhood among various classes and nationalities. **A, Y, C**

THAT WAY WITH WOMEN (Warner). In this modernized version of "The Millionaire," which George Arliss made famous

some years ago, Sydney Greenstreet gives an entertaining portrayal of the rich man bored with social pursuits; Dane Clark interprets the ex-war hero earnestly seeking his place in the sun. There is an inexcusable drinking sequence. **A, Y, C**

BLAZE OF NOON (Paramount). Tense, emotional drama of the establishment of air-mail service in the 1920's, when aviation was still uncertain and before weather reports, radio communications and safety devices were available. Some excellent photography. **A, Y**

CARNIVAL IN COSTA RICA (20th Cent.-Fox). Musical extravaganza in technicolor, with exuberant celebrations amid fiesta atmosphere. Too much drinking. **A, Y**

TIME OUT OF MIND (Universal-International). Based on the Rachel Field novel, this proves that nurturing a genius is not an easy pursuit, especially when he soaks his frustration in alcohol and is elsewhere weak in character. Beautiful music, fine backgrounds. **A, Y**

THE IMPERFECT LADY (Paramount). A distinguished cast give outstanding performances in this drama of Victorian England; story treats of the romance between an aristocratic young member of Parliament and a girl of lower social standing but high principles. **A, Y**

BUCK PRIVATES COME HOME (Universal). A riot of slapstick fun with "Privates" Abbott and Costello returning from the wars and attempting to smuggle aboard their transport a small French orphan. **A, Y, C**

THE GUILT OF JANET AMES (Columbia). Rosalind Russell, as a widow trying to convince herself that the five men for whom her husband gave his life in the war are worth saving, does a superb job on a currently important theme. Liquor's disintegrating effects on a brilliant mind are depicted with arresting pathos. **A**

ODD MAN OUT (Universal-International). Tense drama of the underground in Ireland. The sordidness of poverty, sin and crime is set against the beauties of love and loyalty. Unusual photography; excellent music by the London Symphony Orchestra. **A**

BLONDIE'S HOLIDAY (Columbia). Blondie and Dagwood in pursuit of a "get-rich-quick" scheme that backfires. **A, Y**

THE DEVIL THUMBS A RIDE (RKO). Unsavory story featuring drunken driving, murder, low morals and unworthy police officers. **A**

THE LONE HAND TEXAN (Columbia). The indestructible Durango Kid rides again, this time against a lawless gang terrorizing oil-drillers. **A, Y, C**

JUNGLE FLIGHT (Paramount). Involved, depressing plot dealing with an ex-convict on a rampage. **A**

FRAMED (Columbia). Good acting can't redeem this plot dealing with an attempt

to get "easy money"; the criminals and their surroundings are made too attractive. **A**

APACHE ROSE (Republic). Quite ordinary western, with Roy Rogers opposing gamblers, kidnappers and other questionable characters. **A, Y, C**

COPACABANA (United Artists). Rather silly and not very uplifting film depicting Carmen Miranda in a dual role and Groucho Marx trying hard to be funny. **A, Y**

KING OF THE WILD HORSES (Columbia). Wholesome story of a child's love for animals. **A, Y, C**

A LIKELY STORY (RKO). A most unlikely story, poking fun at gangster and psychological plots, each solution arriving in the nick of time. **A, Y, C**

UNDERCOVER MAISIE (MGM). Rather humorous story involving Ann Sothern as a would-be police officer trying to get back at confidence men who had swindled her. **A, Y, C**

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI (Azteca Films). Filmed in Mexico with a Spanish-speaking cast, this poorly executed story of the life of Francis gives credence to Roman Catholic traditions regarding his "supernatural" character. It ignores the opposition Francis and his associates met at the Papal court until they would become subservient to the hierarchy. A biased presentation. **A, Y**

Definitely Not Recommended

BORN TO KILL (RKO). Thoroughly objectionable melodrama of wanton killing, cruelty and mental anguish. The ultimate destruction of the habitual murderer does not make this right for anybody but the wrong-minded.

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

- (*) A previous "Picture of the Month"
(†) Definitely not recommended

ADULTS, YOUNG PEOPLE, CHILDREN: The Beginning or the End*; Code of the West; Henry V.*; Holiday in Mexico; Home Sweet Homicide; I'll Be Yours; It's a Wonderful Life*; I've Always Loved You; The Green Years; The Jolson Story; Johnny Frenchman; The Late George Apley; Love Laughs at Andy Hardy; Magnificent Doll*; Margie*; The Mighty McGurk; My Brother Talks to Horses; Over the Santa Fe Trail; The Overlanders; Sinbad the Sailor; Smoky; Song of the South; Song of Scheherazade; South of the Chisholm Trail; Three Little Girls in Blue; Till the Clouds Roll By; The Time of Their Lives; Trail Street; The Yearling*.

ADULTS AND YOUNG PEOPLE: Angel and the Bad Man; The Best Years of Our Lives; Boom-erang; Brief Encounter; Caesar and Cleopatra; A Cage of Nightingales; Canyon Passage; Centennial Summer; Criminal Court; Danger Street; Dangerous Millions; Easy Come, Easy Go; The Farmer's Daughter; I Cover Big Town; Ladies' Man; The Macomber Affair; The Magic Bow; The Michigan Kid; Millie's Daughter; Mr. District Attorney; Monsieur Beaucaire; My Darling Clementine; Night and Day; Pursued; The Perfect Marriage; The Pilgrim Lady; The Plainsman and the Lady; The Razor's Edge; The Red House; The Return of Monte Cristo; The Secret Heart; Sister Kenny*; Somewhere in the Night; The Shocking Miss Pilgrim; Smash-Up; Stairway to Heaven*; Suddenly It's Spring; 13 Rue Madeleine; They Were Sisters; The Thirteenth Hour; Till the End of Time; The Years Between.

ADULTS ONLY: Backlash; The Beast with Five Fingers†; The Brasher Doubloon; The Dark Mirror; Dead Reckoning; Deception; Fear in the Night; Humoresque; Johnny O'Clock†; The Locket; Lady in the Lake; The Man I Love; Nora Prentiss; Notorious; Notorious Gentlemen; The Private Affairs of Bel Amie; The Sea of Grass; Strange Journey; Undercurrent; The Verdict.

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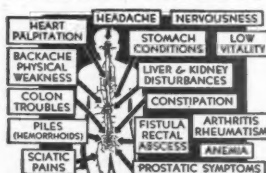
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ALMEDA ADAMS

(Continued from page 19)

Going to this job forced her to make her way through Cleveland's streets. Her first plunge into the noisy whirlpool brought her into violent collision with a wagon which was up on the sidewalk. She went home, washed the blood and dirt from her face, started out again. For many years now she has gone through the streets alone. "Seeing Eye" dogs were introduced after she was too old to keep pace with one.

When a girl, Miss Adams declined a proposal of marriage. And she has never asked a friend to live with her. "Whoever lived with me would have to share my handicap," Miss Adams explains. "I will not ask anyone to sacrifice for me."

Almeda Adams' second guidepost to happiness is: "Help others."

"For that," she says, "no one needs eyesight; just insight."

Miss Adams often scrapes her slender purse for others; she shares every gift she receives. Her friends relate how she helped a widower with two small children with advice, employment and a loan; financed an operation for another friend; sacrificed a vacation to pay a girl's business-school tuition; gave free music lessons to another with a fine voice.

Her most far-reaching contribution has been through Cleveland's Music School Settlement. This school was founded through her initiative and enthusiasm, to give music lessons at a low price to those who otherwise could not afford them. For many years she headed the voice department. Simultaneously she taught clubs and choruses in settlement houses for girls of all races. For years, too, she directed the outstanding concerts of the Schumann Singing Club; and she has visited and counseled institutions for the blind in several countries.

"To help others," says Miss Adams confidently, "one must emerge from the deep foxhole of self-centeredness in which many seek shelter from reality. No one can afford to dim his or her mind with hypersensitive misgivings. As a child I did that. But I found the way out, through belief in God and His people. And, so doing, I found the third guidepost to a full life. It is: Have faith."

Not long after Miss Adams left the conservatory she wrote her first operetta, trained the cast, got a theater for a benefit performance, set the day—then found that the prospective date was circus day. It was too late to change. The play was successful; the audience was sparse. But her effort drew the attention of a kind and wealthy woman who sent her to New York for music study and wonderful hours at the Metropolitan Opera House.

"I have found that if I wipe life's dishes, as my mother taught me, I am

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rewarded," says Miss Adams. "But I have never folded my hands and waited for something to be passed around. That's not what I mean by faith. During my early struggles to establish myself in Cleveland, I attended a gathering of music-lovers. There I heard a man say: 'So now even the blind teach music! What next?' The voice was that of a celebrated music critic. It depressed me terribly, but I vowed: 'I'll show you!' Later the same man wrote that music in Cleveland needed more teachers of Miss Adams' ability."

The cruelest obstacle to the blind today, Miss Adams thinks, is not what they can't do but what people *think* they can't do. A choirmaster once said to her: "Our service has too much music. You couldn't memorize it all." She had been memorizing more in a day than his choir sang in a week!

"We with sightless eyes must never try to take advantage of sympathy by claiming more ability than we possess," says Miss Adams. "But we must help others to see that we can overcome many of our handicaps."

"Far more than seeing eyes," Miss Adams said to me with deep conviction, "we all need seeing minds. When it is dark we must be able to see the stars of hope and aspiration that will light us to this divine truth: The highest destiny any human being can attain is to accept his or her place cheerfully, and fulfill its obligations with courage and love and faith. He who lacks the seeing mind is more truly blind than he through whose eyes no light shines!"

Clear Heads Choose What?

(Continued from page 27)

proud and sovereign—all press upon us to be solved, in a harried time now shadowed by the threat of atomic destruction. A careless word, a thoughtless deed, an uncontrolled gesture, might start world catastrophe.

Should the United Nations conferences, then, be surrounded with the tempting fumes of alcohol? Should world leaders be permitted to boast that they hold their liquor as well as the best of their countrymen?

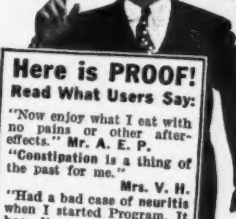
Clear heads in world politics choose *what?* Not Calvert!

We who are not geniuses, nor crazy drivers, nor top-ranking world leaders, cannot escape our responsibility. Our choices spread their influence. Drunkenness has its social aspect. It spreads like an epidemic from the admired to the admirers. We make it harder or easier for other men and women to keep steady and sane as we choose for or against drink. Wine is a mocker. Those who are deceived thereby are not wise. I am my brother's keeper. If liquor makes my brother to offend, I shall drink it not.

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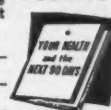
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INTERNAL BATHS END YEARS OF DISTRESS

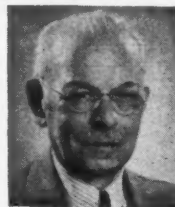
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P-W for PIN-WORMS

TEA-TIME CHAT

(Continued from page 31)

sawed from broken airplane turrets, the men cut out interesting designs and polished them into costume jewelry, belt buckles, and useful gadgets of one kind and another. From odd bits of scrap aluminum, wood, and leather, they made an endless variety of things, such as book-ends, letter-openers, belts, ash trays and picture frames. Some of the men even wove woolen pot-holders. None of the equipment nor material represented any great expenditure of cash.

These men are no different from today's youngsters in their interests. Many of us could easily provide the scrap materials, the few tools that are necessary, and the teaching "know-how" to direct energy into healthy hobby channels. None of this is expensive. And all of us could well afford to support such enterprises in spirit, to let the young people know we are behind them.

AFTER WRITING about my inability to get a "Hush-Puppy" recipe, several people have taken pity on me and sent their own. Here's one. Just remember that the most satisfactory "puppies" are fried in deep fat after the fish has been given its deep brown coat.

HUSH PUPPIES

2 cups cornmeal ground	1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon flour	2 eggs
2 teaspoons baking powder	1 can milk
	2 green onions, cut in small pieces

Mix the dry ingredients together, cut up onions and add. Stir in milk and lastly the two beaten eggs. Then fry in deep fat . . . and purr!

WELL, FOR MY LAST contribution this month I want to give you a suggestion for a centerpiece which you can use for an eye-catcher on a bazaar booth, or on your dining-room table during dinner. It's a mothball centerpiece.

Sounds a bit weird, I know, but wait a minute. Take a rose bowl or one with a curved surface and fill it with water; add one teaspoon of baking soda, one teaspoon of citric acid crystals (ask your druggist for these), and three to five mothballs for each cup of water. The chemical reaction between the baking soda and the citric acid will keep the moth balls moving from the surface of the water to the bottom of the bowl and back for about two hours. The curved surface magnifies the size of the mothballs, and if you place the bowl on a mirror you'll get twice the effect.

The centerpiece is even more interesting if the water is colored. A little pink or green vegetable coloring will do that trick. And a posy or a floating candle will make your centerpiece the talk of the town. Do try this, just for fun!

And so much for this month. Remember, your suggestions are very much wanted and appreciated!

SERMON

(Continued from page 35)

outside the target, with the result that posterity will be able to enjoy such art as the Germans did not destroy.) A hundred years before Michelangelo lived, an unknown sculptor brought a huge block of marble from Carrara, but, in executing his design, bungled his work and split off a large segment of the rock. This he discarded, and for a century it lay untouched in the garden, until Michelangelo came along and saw the possibility of adapting a design to fit its disfigured limitations, and so gave to the world one of its choicest treasures. Even so, the Divine Sculptor can take the fragments of a man's life, which sometimes the world discards as rubbish, and with His loving hands fashion it into a glorious body, making of it a new man in Christ Jesus.

When we turn from the thought of God's disappointment in us as individuals and think of our collective failure as a Christian society, a nation upon which Almighty God has lavished untold opportunities and blessings, there is much to give us pause. When we think of how we seem to be bungling the peace, despite all the blood and sweat and tears with which we purchased it, some of us may be tempted to lose heart with the world and feel that its case is hopeless and there is nothing to be made of it. When we survey the whole sorry spectacle of our devastated world, and try to listen to the confusion of tongues that babble and snarl and shout their contradictory and competing counsels to each other, we are tempted to become sadly depressed at the hopelessness and futility of making any further effort to hold the fretful and jittery world together. When we seem to sense the inevitable drift toward the possibility of having to renew in a few years the cataclysmic slaughter of another world war, we feel terrorized as with a sense of incapacity to escape the yawning chasm that seems to be waiting to swallow up our vaunted civilization.

Yet in spite of everything, God does not give us up. We can take that for our comfort today. Whatever happens, God is going on. He will not give up His design; He will try again. Nor must we succumb to this mood of hopelessness. The times call for faith and not for despair, for faith and yet more faith. Not for our own sakes, but for the sake of generations yet unborn and because of our obligations to the thousands upon thousands of young men who gave up their dreams and hopes that you and I might try to live again in peace and comfort.

Bewildered and Lonely —No Place to Go!

NO wonder he is confused and melancholy. His beloved wife and companion in service for over 50 years has gone to her reward. He is shocked and hasn't had time yet to get used to the idea that he's now alone. And now he is told he must leave their home — their lovely little apartment in the Memorial Home Community at Green Cove Springs, Florida, where he has made friends with other aged ministers like himself. He is being turned out. There is no room for lonely men and women. Another couple must have his apartment.

He has loved this Memorial Home Community — where, in spite of a small pension, he has been able to live as well as men with much better incomes, to enjoy a pretty home, to work in his garden, to play golf, to take his turn at preaching in the local chapel. If only there were quarters for the widows and widowers when their mates have passed on!

He grieves, too, about her last days and wishes she could have had care nearby so that he could have been with her. But the community has no nurse, no hospital; so she was sent miles away — to die among strangers.

And yet, they both had given years and years to helping others — to preaching the Gospel, to finding homes and help for other sufferers. Does no one care for him now?

Yes, God cares — and we believe He is laying it on our hearts and the hearts of His people to help these servants of God who have grown old working in His vineyard.



We of Christian Herald realized the needs of the Memorial Home Community when we took over the responsibility for it — the need for adequate shelter for both widows and widowers, the need of a nursing home, of hot water systems, new mattresses and other furnishings.

We know that you, the readers of Christian Herald, will wish to help make life easier and happier for these men and women who have devoted their lives in His service. We know that, as you realize what must be done, you will open your hearts as you have done in the past.

SEND YOUR GIFT TODAY. FILL OUT COUPON BELOW.



To the left are the plans for the new building for widows and widowers. This building will also have space for a hospital. As soon as sufficient money is on hand, we can build.

WHAT YOUR MONEY WILL BUY:

- \$25 a month carries the cost of an apartment.
- \$30 to \$40 will buy a comfortable mattress.
- \$100 will install a hot water heater.
- \$10,000 will build and equip a nursing home.
- \$30,000 will build and equip a 4-apartment house.
- \$50,000 will give the widows and widowers a home.

Business Office
CHRISTIAN HERALD MEMORIAL HOME COMMUNITY
27 East 39 Street,
New York 16, New York

Gentlemen: We are happy to contribute toward the care of our aged ministers and missionaries.

☐ Enclosed find \$.....

☐ Send booklet

Name.....

Address.....

Straight Talk

Edited by FRANK S. MEAD

L'affaire Talmadge

Dear Editor:

A few months ago I subscribed to your magazine. I have received four copies. There is no mistake about it, you have some fine articles. I must say that "News" edited by Gabriel Courier lacks being "fine" or "fair." In two issues lately I have read what he thinks about the late Eugene Talmadge and his son Herman. He says the late Mr. Talmadge won a freak race. This is not true. The majority of people wanted him, and we elected him. (*Editor's Note: Talmadge's opponent received more votes than he did!*)

After all, Mr. Courier is not in Georgia. How can he know so much about what Georgia people want? The people in Georgia are tired having Ellis Arnold (Arnall) and you out-of-state people cram the Negro down our throat. We want Herman Talmadge and just see if we don't get him. Winder, Ga. MRS. SAMUEL E. HARDIGUE

Dear Editor:

No purer Anglo-Saxon blood flows through any veins than those of the people of Georgia. Their culture and refinement will equal that found anywhere, and far surpass that found in many people, for which we are humble and thankful. Please discontinue my subscription with the March issue.

Forsythe, Ga.

MRS. E. W. BANKS

As a mere Northerner who can't possibly know anything about it, we reply not with words of our own but with the words of the editor of the *Tupelo* (Miss.) *Journal*, a real Southerner. Objecting to the action of the Mississippi Methodist congregation which has just proclaimed a "superior race" (Talmadgeian) theory, Editor George McLean says:

"The Mendenhall congregation says God has blessed the European race and cursed the rest. Hitler had the same idea, but he narrowed the white race down to the Germans. Kill UNRRRA. Stop the sailings of the famine relief ships. Close the world bank. Close the hospitals that serve non-whites. Abandon the United Nations. Call home the statesmen who sit at the same table with Chinese, Ethiopians, Indians. They are accursed. Such mingling is unwise, say the Mendenhall religionists. Make haste to dig graves for the mighty European race. The Stone Age is coming again. Two-thirds of the earth's inhabitants are unimprovable. Cease your efforts, world; let the jungle grow!

Lastly, we call your attention to the lead article on page 15, this issue; it is based on a personal interview with Gene Talmadge's pastor.

Consistency

Dear Editor:

It troubles me to have you waste postage stamps asking for our renewal of *CHRISTIAN HERALD*. We have no intention of renewing. There are some articles in your magazine with which we agree wholeheartedly. I believe your Dr. Poling is a born-again child of God, but I fear he is compromising with the world . . . we are to be a "separated" people, not conforming to the world, and I believe this means we cannot attend movies and still be "separated." One of the movies recommended by your magazine starred an actor who had deserted his wife in England and was coveting another man's wife who was very beautiful and very sinful. I can't remember the names, but I do remember the scandal in the newspapers. Certainly no Christian should help support a man of such adulterous affairs.

Wooster, Ohio

MRS. G. A. JOHNSON

We are quite as disturbed over the marriage ethics as Reader Johnson, but we hesitate to condemn a whole industry for the actions of those who happen to be working in it. Last week, we read of a minister who deserted his wife and two children to run off with the choir soprano—but we have no intention of deserting the Church just because he did that! I loathe some of the dirty books being written—but we don't intend to stop buying books, perhaps of the very publisher who occasionally

THAT "IS YOUR HEALTH GOING UP IN SMOKE" article just goes on and on and on. Edward L. Wertheim, as you probably know, has printed and circulated some 15,000 copies to date. Now he plans a "Smoking Anonymous" organization the purpose of which is to put this article in the hands of men and women who, like Alcoholics Anonymous, do not want their names known.

If you would like to have some copies of that article sent to some smoker anxious to quit, with no names being mentioned, write Edward L. Wertheim, 11 West 42nd Street, New York 18, N. Y.

slips from grace and prints a bad one! We don't agree with all the ethics of all the people who make automobiles, but . . .

Prejudices

Dear Editor:

As to Jehovah's Witnesses . . . The anti-Lutheran prejudice of Methodism's Bishop Oxnham, the anti-Catholic prejudice of Dr. Walter Maier and the anti-Methodist prejudice of Bishop Spellman of the Catholic Church all added together and multiplied by three would not equal the anti-Christ prejudice of Judge Rutherford. Jehovah's Witnesses are a renegade "sucker shoot" from the Old Testament, and the New. We need not fear them, for most people are too intelligent to accept their invitation to persecute the Church.

Ann Arbor, Mich. MARY HUEBNER WAHR

Sugar

Seems as though we're getting too argumentative on this page. That's probably because by nature *CHRISTIAN HERALD* is a crusading magazine—and the Talmadges and the movies come under the head of "Crusade." But a little sugar, a touch of the sweet, may be in order. In that direction, here's a letter from the Rev. Walter F. Whitney of the Union Congregational Church of Greenfield, N. H. (We featured that church in the New England "Church Supper" article in February):

"The fine write-up accompanying the pictures of our Annual Church Supper was much appreciated. . . . Among the many journals that carried our story and pictures, none was more understandingly done than your excellent publication's presentation. We thank you. . . ."

That tastes like sugar to us, anyway.

More Sugar

Dear Editor:

If you can't stop your continual pot-shots at the Republican Party, I'm going to discontinue your paper and give the three dollars to the Republican National Committee. Churches shouldn't mix in politics, and neither should Church papers.

Oklahoma City

G. V. CHARLESTON

P.S. I'm only fooling. I really like your paper.

G. V. C.

Dear Editor:

Why must you be so everlastingly suspicious of our Democratic government? There are really good men in Washington. As a good American, let me ask you: don't you trust your government? All hope for democracy is lost unless you do!

Chicago

MRS. T. J. DARR

That's sugar, too; we got a good laugh out of both letters. In re trusting the government, let us say we trust some. But we have a good healthy respect for the democratic method, whoever is in power. Guess we're somewhat like His Majesty's Loyal Opposition, in Parliament.



Grandpa can't believe his eyes . . . *can you?*

"What? An aluminum roof for the hen house! Why, I paid \$2 once for a chunk of aluminum smaller'n my fist . . . the first aluminum I ever saw. It was a souvenir mother wanted at the St. Louis Fair in 1904."

If he only knew it, aluminum was cheap in 1904 compared with what it had been earlier. Only 35¢ a pound. Back in 1888, when it was a brand-new kind of metal, it cost \$8 a pound, and the pioneer company that made it locked each day's precious output in a safe at night.

But that company, Aluminum Company of America . . . ALCOA . . . kept plugging away to bring the price down. By the time World War II started, Alcoa had been able to whittle the price down to 20 cents. Then to 17 cents. Then to 14 cents a pound in pig form.

That's why farmers can now afford to put aluminum

roofing on "hen houses", strong roofs that can't rust or rot. That's why you now see so many more things made from aluminum than you ever saw before in stores . . . chairs, stools and tables for the kitchen, clothes hampers, luggage, washboards, wire, windows . . . on and on the list goes.

While the price of everything you buy depends on many cost factors . . . materials, labor, transportation, etc. . . the lower price of aluminum has given it more ways to serve you on the farm and home, at work and play, for better living

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